The New-York Times.

VOL. XXII.... NO. 6565. NEW-YORK, SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1872. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

AMERICA.

Ocean Race Between the Yachts Rambler and Madeleine.

Fight Between United States Troops and Apaches.

Important Changes in the Atlantic Mail Service.

Excitement in San Francisco Over the Railroad Subsidy.

Summary Manner of Dealing with Horse-Thieves in Dakota.

AN OCEAN RACE.

Contest for Commodore Bennett's Challenge Cup—The Yachts Rambler and Madeleine, Both from Newport, Round Sandy Hook Light-ship and Back—The Former Wins.

Special Dispatch to the New-York Times.

NEWPORT, R. I., Sept. 21.—The ocean yacht race between the western yachts Madeleine and Rambler, for the Challenge Cup given by Commodore Bennett, and won by the Madeleine July 4, was set down for Thursday. The course was from Brenton's Reef Light-ship to Sandy Hook and return. A mill breeze was blowing when they started, and both passed the Brenton's Reef Light-ship in the following order:

Yacht.	Owner.	H.	M.	S.
Rambler	J. P. Ferbes	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Madeleine	Jacob Voorhies, jr.	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]

The wind, after a few hours, died away, and they both dotted the most of the day towards evening, however, a stiff northwest breeze sprung up, and both yachts had enough of it as they wanted. The run to Sandy Hook was made without anything of particular interest occurring. The Rambler rounded the light at Sandy Hook at 4:46:36 A. M. yesterday, and at 5:41:35 she passed Fire Island, reaching Montauk Light at 12:31:32 P. M. The Rambler, when off Fire Island, carried away her main throat halyards, and started her mainsail, the wind at the time blowing almost a gale. The Madeleine rounded Sandy Hook Light-ship at 6:41:32 A. M. yesterday, passed Fire Island, and reached Montauk Light at 12:31:31 A. M. Soon after the accident to the Rambler the Madeleine split her mainsail and had to "lay to" for an hour to get matters straightened, at the same time showing plainly that fate had decreed that she was to lose the prize which she had previously held. On account of this accident the Rambler made many miles between her and her competitor, and victory was therefore certain. Notwithstanding the Madeleine's defeat, her owner has every reason to be proud of her, as she behaved during the rough weather admirably, and proved herself a thoroughly seaworthy craft. Much anxiety was felt for her last night in the vicinity of the yachts during the day; but all fears were dispelled shortly after daylight by the arrival of one and the subsequent arrival of the other. The following is the correct arrival: Rambler, 6:45 A. M. Madeleine, 6:55. It will be seen that the Rambler made the run from Sandy Hook to Brenton's Reef, a distance of 230 miles, in twenty-four hours and eighteen minutes. She left this noon for Wood's Hole.

The Prussian steamer corvettes, the Gazelle and Vineta, arrived here yesterday, and are anchored in the outer harbor. Upon their arrival the customary salutes were exchanged between the men-of-war and Fort Adams. Last evening a brilliant entertainment was given on board to the officers of Fort Adams. They will remain at this port a few day and will anchor in Hampton Roads, where the Vineta will leave her consort and sail for home. The Gazelle will cruise near the West Indies, and will return to Germany for a year. This afternoon the officers and midshipmen have been visiting the many places of interest in the city, and attracted considerable attention by their steady and intelligent appearance.

THE INDIANS.

Fight Between the Date Creeks and Reservers—Thirty Indians Killed.

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 21.—A dispatch from San Diego reports a fight between the command of Gen. Crook and the Indians of the Date Creek Reservation. It appears that a party of Apache braves were discovered on the war-path. Gen. Crook, with a guard, attempted their arrest, whereupon four or five hundred of the Indians rushed down on the guard, killing one soldier. The fire was returned by a company of cavalry, killing thirty Indians, when the remainder of the savages broke and fled to the mountains and were pursued by two companies of cavalry.

WASHINGTON NEWS.

Naval and Army Orders—New Mail Contracts—Our Indian Friends—Currency Statistics.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Sept. 21.—Lieutenant-Commander E. M. Shepherd, Lieut. R. McCormack, Masters A. P. Wyckoff, Wm. P. Potter and John Garvin, Midshipman C. E. Fox and Cadet J. E. Lewis have been ordered to the Hartford. Medical Director George Maclay, who is a member of the Examining and Retiring Boards at Washington, Assistant Surgeon F. F. Bailey, to the Tallapoosa. Detached—Lieut. C. B. Gill, from the receiving-ship Sabine, and ordered to the Hartford; Lieut. A. H. Vail, from the receiving-ship Ohio, and ordered to the receiving-ship Sabine; Chief Engineer Thomas Williamson, from the Navy-yard at Portsmouth, N. H., and ordered to the Hartford, and as Fleet Engineer of the Asiatic station; Assistant Surgeon William E. Davis, from the Tallapoosa, and ordered to the receiving-ship at Norfolk, Va.

OUR FLEET IN SOUTH AMERICA.

Dispatches have been received from Rear Admiral Taylor, commanding the South Atlantic Station, dated Flag-ship Lancaster, Rio Janeiro, Aug. 24. The Tuscarora was at Rio Janeiro and would sail shortly for Valparaiso. The Monongahela was at Para Aug. 1, and expected at Rio Sept. 1. The Wasp was at Rosario July 6, on the way to Asuncion with our Minister, Hon. J. L. Stevens on board. He had exchanged visits of courtesy with the Argentine naval officers on the passage from Montevideo, and with the United States and English Consuls at Rosario.

NEW ORDERS.

First Lieut. P. A. Hinman, of the Corps of Engineers, has been ordered to report to Major Hamilton, at Chicago. Thirty days' leave of absence has been granted to Superintendent E. T. Wilcomb, of the National Cemetery in Finnsburg, Lansing, who is now in this city.

EUROPEAN MAIL CONTRACTS AWARDED.

The Postmaster-General today awarded to the "Inman Star line" the contract for carrying the Secondary European mail from New-York to Queenstown and Liverpool, and to the North-German Lloyd steamships line the contract for carrying the Saturday mail from Bremen to the Continent. The service is both ways to be performed for a period of fifteen months, from Oct. 1, for the sum of [illegible] per annum. At the end of that period the contract with the Wilmer & Union line will also have expired.

THE INDIAN VISITORS.

The Sioux Indian Chiefs, now in this city, were taken today to a photographer's and sat for their likenesses. While there several of them recognized a portrait of Gen. Sherman as that of a white Chief they had seen and certainly being taken to the War Department. They paid a brief visit to Gen. Sherman, where recognition and courteous favors were exchanged.

CURRENCY STATISTICS.

The receipts of internal revenue for the week ending today amount to [illegible]

Total receipts	[illegible]
Internal revenue receipts for the week	[illegible]
Internal revenue receipts for the month	[illegible]
Internal revenue receipts for the year	[illegible]
Total internal revenue receipts for the month	[illegible]
Total

CURRENT LITERATURE.

AN AUTUMN VOICE.

THE PILGRIM'S REVERY.

The waning moon shines pale and still;
The winds in russet branches die;
Day faints upon the darkening hill,
And melts into the days gone by.

The vanished days! new dim and far,
Yet none so dead they cannot wake
And stir in me as you high star
Quivers, deep-visioned, in the lake.

They slumber down the moon's long beam,
They rustle in the russet tree;
They fade in twilight's melting dream,
And slide in starlight down to me.

I feel the hush of brooding wings,
The warmth of tender joys far flown,
And little flights and flutterings
Of blessings that were once my own.

But O most sweet, and O most sad,
Of all these lost delights that thrill!
The blessings that I almost had
But life can never more fulfill.

And yet 'tis strange, but these are more
My own, to-night, than all beside—
Glad stars upon a distant shore,
Thus drew my souls across the tide.

Fade, golden evening, fade and sink!
Burn, crimson sunset, burn out and fall!
For life is sweeter than we think,
And death the surest life of all.

—*Scribner's Monthly.*

TRUST HER NOT!

IN TWO CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

There is a chaste coolness in the air. It is the first week in August, and July has been damp enough to relax everything in nature, damp enough even to relax the will of the indomitable woman who is tramping along the three miles of dusty road that intervene between her village home and the small market-town where she can get butter at a reasonable price.

Butter at a reasonable price is a great consideration with Miss Paulett; so are eggs, so are meat and bread and house-rent. So, indeed, is everything. For she is "a maiden all forlorn," trying to live like a gentlewoman on a very limited income.

For ten years now she has pursued her neat little inoffensive way in this village of Binham, which is striving hard to debase itself into a villa-surrounded town.

Her house is the end house of a picturesque unpretentious little crescent, which can boast of a good-sized, well-kept garden in front, and which is shut off from the high road and the gaze of passers-by by a high red brick wall, that is well crowned with ivy. The house is exactly like every other house in the crescent in reality. But it looks very different to the others. Its windows are brighter, its brass door-knob has a higher polish than those of the other houses in the crescent.

She is rather more anxious than usual to-day as the results of her marketing at Balsingham. A young niece has come down, a fastidious young lady, who requires to be daintily served, without at all considering of what cost the service is rendered.

The young niece is at home now in the pretty bowery-room in the house in the crescent that is parlor and dining-room and drawing-room and boudoir, all in one. This sluggishly soft air makes Miss Minnie Ward sleepy, so she reclines while her aunt goes in search of butter for the fair young being's tea.

She is very pretty, very pleasant to look at, albeit she is bored, and hot, and sleepy, and slightly cross on this sluggishly softly warm day. Curled up like a cat on the sofa in the shadiest corner of the room, she is lazily watching the shadows come and go through the half-drawn drab Venetian blinds. "How can they have the patience to go on doing that?" she wonders. "How can anyone have the patience to go on doing anything down here?" She gets up as she half mutters this wonder, and stands at the window, balancing herself, her well-shaped hands planted firmly on her well-shaped hips, in a semi-defiant attitude that would have called forth her grandmother's reprobation. She is "tall and stately," and she has nice eyes, and pretty yellowish hair. Evidently she knows how to have her clothes made, and how to put them on in a way that will make her, at least, remarkable. Her hair is tumbled now, for she has been asleep for an hour; but when its yellow luxuriance is toned down a little we can easily imagine that the jet dagger may stab her tresses becomingly enough. At present the weapon lurks out of the villas.

She has a natural turn-up nose and an acquired toss of the head, and these two things have to do very hard work in Minnie's service. For she conceives that in order to do them justice she must be bewitchingly saucy in manner.

To be brief, Miss Ward is spending her holidays with her aunt for convenience sake, and surely against her own sweet will. She is a governess, satisfied with her station, because she does not see a means of bettering it yet; but keenly on the look-out for promotion. At times, when no one is looking, there is a good deal of weariness in the fresh, fair young face, and a good deal of discontent and disgust with the world for not recognising her claims better, in the young high spirit. Even now, when she turns away from the window with a sudden remembrance of her tousled hair, and the onus that was on her of being neat by tea-time, she ejaculates impatiently,

"Oh, dear! a week more of this, and then back to that horrid teaching!"

She goes up yawning and weary to the little white nest of a room that her aunt has given up to her, the aunt retiring herself into a room in the rear of the house, barren and arid by comparison.

It is time to put this maiden aunt before you. She is almost at the threshold of her own door when Minnie goes up to adorn for the exercise, as she considers it, of a "regular tea" at 6 o'clock. Miss Paulett has walked fast, and has come home heavily laden, and the air is oppressive. But in spite of the weariness of the flesh, she brightens up in spirit as she comes through the crescent garden, and hopes heartily that "Minnie will enjoy the treats."

She has been living ten years in this secluded village alone, and her young piece of twenty calls her "an old maid." But in spite of these things she is a woman with a long lease of life before her, in all human probabilities. For she is healthy, and only just past her thirtieth birthday. It seems almost a pity that this probably long life should be lonely as the last ten years of it have been.

She is neat tall and lissom, like her twenty-year old niece, but she is erect, graceful, admirably proportioned. Her face is clear complexioned, delicately featured, brightened by a pair of amber-brown eyes that are precisely the same color as the luxuriant hair; that is wrapped in a clever coil at the back of her head. Altogether she is a pretty and a prepossessing woman, and why she should be lonely still is a marvel to many people.

She looks round the room, and a shade of annoyance crosses her face swiftly. It is one of her attributes to be daintily neat. The small room, that is at the same time dining-hall and saloon, is always fresh and fair and scrupulously well arranged when she is alone; now the cushions are piled in untidiness, the sofa-rug is trailing on to the floor. Books, newspapers, magazines and a half-made, white cambric dress are scattered about on different chairs; and, worst of all in her progress from the room Miss Ward has upset a light wicker stand of flowers, which has stood in safety just inside the door during the whole of the Summer.

Miss Paulett has just fulfilled a portion of her mission in life by clearing up after her niece, when that young lady comes undulating into the room. Her hair is tangled still, but now according to certain rules; and the big jet dagger stabs it with a well-defined aim. She has put on fresh laces and fresh ribbons. The laces are not real, and the ribbons are poor and flimsy, but her youth and beauty triumph over these facts, and cause them to look bright and becoming.

"Oh! you're back, Aunt Catherine? I'm glad of that; I want you to go out on the green for a stroll with me."

From her bed-room window Minnie has seen a manly form—the only manly form in the place—take the direction of the green. Hence her desire for exercise. She would look upon it as a wilful disregard of a providential opportunity if she did not go out now.

"My dear Minnie, just consider that I am only just back from Balsingham, and that I'm rather tired. Do let us have my tea first."

"Why did you go? What could induce you to go rushing off in the heat of this afternoon?" Minnie feels disappointed, and so speaks crossly.

"I went to get butter and fruit," pointing to these delicacies.

"Butter and fruit!" Minnie shrugs her supple shoulders. "I'd rather go without them any day. Why didn't you send that grampus, Bridget? If she walked more she wouldn't puff me out of my mind nearly every time she comes into the room with her hard breathing."

Miss Paulett laughs. "Bridget had her work to do. And what has put you out, my little lady? "Have some tea, dear."

"No, thank you, aunt." When Minnie first came, she still young aunt had requested that her niece would call her "Kate," but Minnie very decidedly refused to do it. "There shall be no mistake about my being the niece, and years the younger of the two," she sagaciously determined.

"No, thank you, aunt; there's something unlucky in tea at this time of day. Unless you dine after it. I'll go out on the green, you can join me by-and-by." Then she half repents herself of her rudeness, and adds, "I shall like some of that nice cream cheese for supper, if I may have it."

"You may have what you like, dear; yes, I will join you by-and-by," the aunt says, good temperedly.

So Minnie's conscience feels clear, and she rings for Bridget to bring her hat and blue Indian shawl, the ends of which she will presently toss over her shoulder, in a jaunty way that has neither the merit of being pretty nor uncommon, but that is immensely popular with young ladies.

Minnie walks on perfectly satisfied with herself, her head wobbling up and down occasionally in little fluttering paroxysms of conceit. The color deepens in the face that she holds very much up and a little on one side as she steps on to the green, and the well-opened blue eyes dance. For there, a hundred yards ahead of her, is the manly form, reclining on one of the seats.

Unluckily the manly nose is turned away from her that it may sniff in so much of breeze as there is. Minnie has come to Binham on an unacknowledged mission. It is her bounden duty to herself, she feels, to do something definite during this campaign. The only "something definite" that a girl of Minnie's calibre cares to achieve is matrimony.

Her object is well before her now, but it would hardly do for her to go up and sit down by him, and let him see that she has followed him on purpose. She turns slightly, therefore, and saunters along, skirting the green until she is on the other side of it, quite in his line of vision.

And now she knows that her work is done. In a few minutes she hears footsteps behind her. Another minute and the manly form is by her side, taking off its hat, and looking ridiculously pleased. It is Mr. Boughton, the curate in charge of Binham—a good-looking man of one or two and thirty.

Up to within the last twelvemonth Mr. Boughton had steadily advocated the celibacy of the priesthood. But since that time he has modified his views, and this change has been attributed in a great measure to his increasing intimacy with Miss Paulett. Now, Binham did not grudge him his particular attentions to the handsome, fresh-hearted, clear-headed, unaffected woman. On the contrary, Binham declared that they would be a delightful pair. But it was intolerant to the daring of the stranger within the gates who flirted at him with such effrontery.

He is quite conscious that she is flirting with him. He sees that she puts herself at her best as soon as he approaches her, that she makes her eyes sparkle and looks admiringly at *his* eyes, and he likes it.

It is useless to deny it. He does like it. He has indulged in many powerfully-worded Jeremiads against Jezebels generally; he has cautioned the young men of his flock against Circe in all her forms. But now, when Minnie Ward puts a feather in her hat at him, and wraps a blue shawl mysteriously about her lithesome shoulders at him, and gazes with a look that only misses being a look of love by one hairsbreadth of intervening modesty at him, he likes it.

His eyes are very fine, and his appearance and manner very gentlemanly and refined, and his prospects are very good, and she is sick to death of teaching. Given such conditions in such a situation, and it is not difficult to guess what will ensue.

"Is Miss Paulett not coming out this evening?" he asks, when they have taken a turn round the green, to the dismay and disgust of the occupants of all the villas.

"Aunt Catherine? No; I couldn't drag her out, so I braved a solitary stroll. I shan't have many more walks on the green."

"Why not?" he asks with a qualm.

"I'm going away next week. Mamma will have me home again."

She has a mortal horror of its being known here that she is out as a governess; she felt it made her aunt very silent on the point. To "mamma," therefore it becomes necessary to impute a greed for her child's society which amounts to selfishness.

They are on the verge of the green now, at the farthest end from the village. The ruins of an old abbey are in sight. Beyond the abbey there is a wood. She tosses her pretty head in the direction of the wood, and says:

"How sweet it would be of me to take dear, lazy old Aunt Catherine a bouquet of wild flowers?"

A faint spark of loyalty to charming Miss Paulett is still alive in Boughton's breast. He is preparing to say something that shall testify to his admiration for and sympathy with Miss Paulett's tastes, when Minnie adds:

"She is so fond of things—of cats and flowers; it's a pity she hasn't something better to love instead of wasting all her life in bemoaning some one who didn't care for her."

The sole remaining spark of loyalty dies out. "Has she done that? Let us go and get the wild flowers, Miss Ward; I know where the best live in that wood."

"Can you spare the time?" she asks, softly. "Oh, how good of you! My last walk at Binham will be my pleasantest one."

Mr. Boughton has a maiden aunt living with him who keeps his house and drives off the unwary who approach him when she is near. She was for some time had her auntly eye on Minnie, and Minnie has a delicious little sense of satisfaction now in having brought things to this pass. No aunt, neither his nor hers, shall come between them now.

She sits upon a stile, and he stands close by her side. And the rays of the setting sun stream through the leafy boughs, and gloriify her head. It is all very pleasant, but Minnie feels, in her own forcible idiom, "that mere pleasantness won't pay."

For a few moments she forces herself to contemplate each side of the shield. If she marries Mr. Boughton she will have to lead a Binham life, and when he is her husband she will not be able to infuse an element of excitement into her Binham life by flirting with him. It will be dull probably—but—

"But it will be better than horrid teaching," she reminds herself. She has no more sense of moral responsibility concerning what she is about to do than a child has of knocking down a house of cards.

"I've altered my mind about the flowers I gather to-night, Mr. Boughton. They must be for your study. Will you have them?"

"Will I not?"

His face is in the shade, and looks very well there. Minnie adjusts her head at a becoming angle, and makes another effort.

"Aunt Catherine, with that good, serviceable, common-sense of hers, would jeer at me for being romantic, if she heard me say that I should like to take a tiny bit of this stile away to wear in a locket as a charm."

He knows that she means him to think that she loves the stile because he is leaning upon it with her, in what a poet would call the "gloaming." He knows all she means, and he likes it.

He takes his knife out and defrands the lord of the manor by cutting a square inch out of the stile. He would defraud twenty lords of the manor a twenty times the value of this square inch of stile at this juncture, for Minnie Ward.

With rather a shaky hand, he proceeds to cut his initials, "E. B." on the little bit of wood. She turns and watches it, and then he looks at her.

She gives him one look, and he forgets all his views as to the propriety of the clergy being a celibate body.

"May I cut yours here, too?" he asks, and she bends down her head and whispers "Yes," and when she comes down from the stile she is engaged to him.

As she leans upon his arm she makes him understand that life will be a wilderness to her until she has the right and the power to so lean always. He has known his views about short engagements—he disapproves of them—but he thinks that her sweet soul trembles at the prospect of ever; brief a separation from him. And he believes it good young priest as he is.

"Then it had better be soon," he says eagerly. Why he says it he can't exactly define, but he gathers an impression that it had better be soon, and speaks from the impulse they gave him.

"Oh, if you wish it!"

Of course he wished it. Suddenly he found himself wishing very much and feeling that all his pre-conceived ideas on the subject were utter folly, and humbug. Minnie would be a winner of honor to a husband, and he, Edward Boughton, would crown himself as soon as possible.

She is very full of the pride of her success as she steps out from the shade of the wood on to the open green. Her head settles back into a satisfied wobble as she sees Aunt Catherine approaching them.

Miss Paulett comes toward the pair in the dim light, and as she comes on it is made manifest to her, even in the dim light, that something has happened.

CHAPTER II.

For four days Minnie has been very happy and very amiable. Edward Boughton manages to make duty and inclination agree wonderfully well. When he goes abroad on missions of mercy Minnie accompanies him—a fashionable-looking angel in different colored cambrics.

Her aunt, Kate Paulett, has been told the great news, and has been cordial and cheery. He aunt, Miss Boughton, has been told, and has been morose and gloomy. Minnie is not one bit disturbed by either woman's state or expression of feeling. She merely remarks to Edward:

"You aunt looks so sour about it that one would think it was a crime to love you; as if I could help it."

Minnie means marriage as soon as possible, and now, on the evening of the fourth day of her engagement, she is feeling a little annoyed and perplexed because the time is not definitely fixed yet.

You ought to speak to him, Aunt Catharine.

"About naming the day? No, my dear, it's for him to speak to you about that."

"But what's the good of waiting? What are we waiting for?" Minnie pouts.

"You haven't waited long," Kate reminds her.

"No, and I don't mean to wait long, that's another thing; we shall not know each other a bit the better while he is down here and I'm going on with that horrid, horrid teaching. I don't see why we need wait."

"You can hardly be the one to suggest a speedy marriage," Kate says dryly; "but I have no doubt, when Mr. Boughton realizes that you consider your present one a life of slavery, he will speedily rescue you from it."

Minnie flushes. "I don't want him to know anything about my present life," she says, with pettish effort to seem at ease.

Kate flashes up a glance from the preserving-pan over which she has been bending assiduously over the conversation.

"You don't mean to say that you haven't told him?"

"I have not. Why should I? Men are quite apt enough to think they confer a favor on a girl by proposing marriage. If the girl's a governess they know they confer a favor by taking her out of bondage."

"He ought to know it; if you don't tell him I will," Kate says, skimming off the scum vigorously.

"Don't be malicious and spiteful because you have failed to get him yourself," says Minnie.

"You'd marry your own ends (I know what they are, Minnie,) better by telling him a truth that is honorable to you; but rest assured that I will never interfere between you after that—that very coarse, cruel speech."

It is settled between the lovers soon that they are to marry in a year. By that time Minnie will be twenty-one, and he will have a suitable home to receive her in. This delay will enable him to settle his aunt elsewhere. "She broke up her home to come down here with me," he explains.

"She'll be desperately fussy about a house. I know she will keep you unsettled as long as she can."

His greatest comfort (he is dreadfully in love) when Minnie is gone is to go to her Aunt Kate and talk about her. Kate is merciful enough to let him maunder on uninterruptedly, as a rule, but one day she does hint to him that Minnie is but mortal.

"Minnie can ill bear stagnation and suspense," she says. "I shall be glad when you can take your holiday and go and see her. You'll go soon, won't you?"

Something in her tone sets him thinking. It does not exactly alarm him, but it startles him.

"Is she ill? Have you heard?——But Miss Paulett interrupts him impatiently before he can say a word more.

"Ill? Oh, no! If there were anything the matter my sister would have writing for me to go and help to nurse her. I gladly hear when she is well."

"Twere long to tell and vain to hear" about all he does in order to get a free week from his parish. He will not drop a single service, but he must see Minnie.

Eventually one of the reserve force—a curate unattached to a cure at present—comes for a consideration and takes charge of Binham for a fortnight, and Edward Boughton goes up to town by the express to surprise his loving, loyal Minnie.

Surprises are odious things under the most propitious circumstances. He no sooner is across the threshold of the earthly paradise than he feels that it would have been better far if he had notified his coming to the presiding Peri.

Mrs. Ward, Minnie's mamma, lives in lodgings in Vansittart-terrace, Kensington. Vansittart-terrace is more than rather out of the way, but when you have wriggled yourself into the right path that leads to it, it is pleasant enough.

Minnie's teaching is in the neighborhood. She gets home generally about six o'clock. For several days she has had an escort some—a soldier cousin of the girls whom she is instructing.

When Edward Boughton is announced Mrs. Ward falls into a paroxysm of bewilderment. Minnie's lover, and there's nothing ready for dinner! And Minnie may arrive at any moment, suspiciously attended; and—oh! what shall we do!

Mr. Boughton asks one or two awkward questions. Mrs. Ward evades the questions—worries them—answers them dotty and sweetly. Presently there is a knock at the front door, and as Edward goes to the window Mrs. Ward gets herself out of the room, "to see about tea."

Minnie comes into the hall radiant; an enamored young man follows her, and Mrs. Ward meets them with despair printed on her matronly brow. She whispers to Minnie, and Minnie is staggered. For a moment only, though; at the end of the moment she whispers to Mr. Gascoigne and dismisses him.

Edward Boughton standing as the window sees the handsome young soldier officer walking away; but he does not for one moment associate the son of Mars with the fresh fair creature who presently bounds into the room and seeks to make him believe that she is grateful that heaven has made her which a man she is.

Up to the present moment Mr. Gascoigne, though he is on the brink has not taken the plunge. He is rapidly preparing to fall at her feet, but he has not fallen yet. Therefore, if Edward Boughton has come to plead for an earlier wedding-day, Minnie will be faithfully itself to him.

She manages very cleverly, she considers, during Edward's visit. She writes a pretty note of apology to her employer, pleading a broken-hearted affection as the cause of her non-appearance. She writes a pathetic little note to her marital adorer, telling him that for a time, at least, it is better that they should not meet—a note which is worded in such a way that leads him to suppose that his mother has been interfering, and to vow that he will propose to the sweetest, jolliest little girl in the world the next time he sees her.

Minnie holds Boughton's heart in the hollow of her little unscrupulous hand. She does not spare him a single look, word, act, that may allure him on to love her more and more. She is full of coaxing, pretty, caressing ways, and these she plays off upon him as pertinaciously [illegible] played been off upon St. Kevin. He is desperately in love with her. No doubt of her finding the full adoration he may win with him has even crossed her mind for a moment.

He goes back to Binham at the end of his holiday, a happy man. For three days letters come from that colonial in paradise he hears regularly from Minnie.

The fifth and sixth mornings are blanks. He begins to look worn and anxious.

On the morning of the eighth day he gets a letter in the well-known dearly-loved handwriting, but when he has read it his face of a hid [illegible], which has been pale before, becomes ghastly white. But he says nothing to his aunt, who is watching him piteously, and her prophetic heart tells her that he has "got a blow from that girl."

A letter goes from him to Minnie by return of post, such as might melt a stone. But it is powerless to melt the heart of a heartless girl. Then he waits for three days in silence, with such wounded feeling, such passionate love preying upon him, that he gets to look as miserably ill that every one in the place calls on Miss Paulett in the hope of hearing that the lovers have quarrelled.

On the third day he has another letter from Minnie, a conclusive letter. A letter that shocks all hope out of his heart, and all belief in the good, pure love of a woman out of his mind.

It is the topic in Binham for nine days, for it leaks out, as such things invariably do. At the end of nine days people cease to look as if they are thinking about it when they meet him.

The aunt and the niece cross swords by post, and wound each other freely. Minnie is to be Mrs. Gascoigne in a week or two, and "Garrison town-life she says will suit her much better than roaming through the parish," she says.

But in spite of this depreciatory speech Mrs. Gascoigne feels a sore pricking at her heart when, two years after she achieves her own destiny, she reads that, "Old Aunt Catharine and Edward Boughton are married."—*Temple Bar.*

BRITISH ALE.—Wherever the Briton travels—and it would be very difficult to discover the country with which he and his brother Jonathan do not insist upon becoming acquainted, quite irrespective sometimes of whether its occupants want to have the advantage of their society—the scarlet triangle of Bass or Burton is to be found in competition with the harp of Guinness of Dublin. What a draught of the water of the Nile was to the daughters of the Pharaohs, a draught of genuine home beer is to the sons—ay, and to the daughters—of Britain. See that languid Anglo-Indian beauty; what is that dark liquor that she is sipping with the white foam upon it, as she and that fascinating young Cornet Goalead linger over their "tiffin," discussing the ball of last night? "My doctor insists upon my taking Guinness's stout, Mr. Goalead," she says, in semi-apologetic tones; after the last drops of an imperial pint glide down her throat. "Best thing out," says the cornet, "couldn't live in this beastly climate without that and Bass." and indeed the mess-bills of the Fifteenth Light Cavalry show pretty conclusively how essential the members of that distinguished corps find these potations to forty their constitutions [illegible] "Bush" of America again, it is regarded as nectar, and is often retailed at a price which makes it nearly as inaccessible to ordinary pockets.—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

REMINISCENCES OF CHARLES LEVER.—Some of his school-fellows still living speak of him as a bright, lively boy, fond of reading romances when he should have been learning his Latin and Greek, and interfering with the studies of others, by telling them stories which he manufactured from day to day, continuing them as he went along without knowing how or when they were to end, a habit which he pursued to the end of his life. While yet a school-boy, Lever was attracted by a pretty little girl, who lived in the Marine School, upon Sir John Rogerson's Quay, and thither he used to steal to get a sight of, or a word with, her almost daily. One of his acquaintances was in the habit of supplying him with flowers, which were sometimes given by the boy lover to the girl, sometimes thrown to her through the iron gate of the Court Yard, which was guarded by an old sailor. On these occasions it was a matter of amusement among his companions to attract the attention of the old janitor while Lever pursued his love-making. From school Lever entered Trinity College, Dublin, on the 14th of October, 1828. His career, so far as I am able to ascertain, was not marked by any collegiate honors, but he had the reputation of being a vivacious, witty, pleasant, and somewhat dashing young fellow, fond of fun, and yet given to reading all sorts of odds and ends of literature outside the curriculum. The love-making, too, went on unflagingly, till 1827 found him a graduate, free to pass from the tutelage of Alma Mater. The profession of medicine having been selected for him, he went to Göttingen in 1828, to pursue his studies at that university, and he threw himself heart and soul into all the wild and exciting scenes of student life. In the first paper which he ever published—an anonymous contribution to the short-lived Dublin *Literary Gazette* in 1830—he describes the Burschen instruction with great liveliness and relish, declaring that students were a very superior order of men, that dueling was an agreeable after-dinner amusement, and that nothing could be more becoming than a black frock braided, and a fur collar thereto. One can readily believe that the mercurial young Irishman soon became a favorite, and his popularity rose to the highest when he translated "The King, God bless him," a German version of a song to celebrate the anniversary of the battle of Waterloo.—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

THE INTRODUCTION OF GRAVER COLORS INTO DRESS.—Down to the time of the battle of Pavia, or thereabout, Spanish influence in dress had been unfelt beyond the Pyrenees. In truth, the Christians of Spain, engaged for centuries in their long grapple with the Moors, were of no more account to other nations than if their country had been on the south of the Mediterranean. Politically speaking, Spain was in Africa, not in Europe. She had more to do with armaments at Fez, with a revolution in Tafilet, the rise of caliphates and the incursion of Almoravides, than with what happened in France and Flanders. She could send few lances to the Crusades; the infidels were at her threshold, and every nerve had to be strained to keep the crescent from bearing down the cross. At last the Moor grew feeble, and Spain, mistress of the Netherlands and of half Italy, with her fires ablaze for Jew and Moslem, with her sternly disciplined infantry and tall warships horrent with cannon, the silver of a subject continent gorging her exchequer, assumed a very high place in the scale of nations. It so happened that the Spaniards—probably through their aversion for the favorite Moorish white—had a peculiar liking for black garments, and that this fancy was strongest among the aristocracy. Sanchio Panza speaks of some richly-dressed person as being in "gold and jewels, like a foreign count," and, indeed, the hidalgoes of Castile were prone to leave gay hues to the alien, and to wear few ornaments beyond a weighty gold chain, or collar of pearls. The Puritans, then in every land, becoming formidable, had for widely different reasons an abherrence of glittering colors and gewgaws, and the don and the precisian between them brought in that custom of wearing sober black, which has gained ground ever since, until in the United States it almost rises to the dignity of a national uniform.—*All the Year Round.*

PETRARCH AND BOCCACCIO.—There is a saying attributed to the Emperor Charles V., that according as one knew so many languages he was so many times a man. Petrarch and Boccaccio spoke and wrote two languages with equal readiness. There were two men in each. There was Petrarch, the Italian poet, graceful, tender and (in Shakespeare's parase) "high fantastical;" and Petrarch, the Latin Moralist, stern, uncompromising and aggressive. There was Boccaccio, the Italian novelist, by turns gay and pathetic, licentious and severe, but always intimately simple and natural; and Boccaccio, the Latin pedant, laborious without method, indefatigable in research without discrimination. In the living Boccaccio the two characters, so distinct in his books, were blended into one, and doubtless the Latin which he spoke in discussion with his friends was lighted up with the graces of the "Decamerone." His relations with Petrarch were uninterruptedly friendly, always on the recognized footing of disciple and master. The homage of the disciple was graciously accepted; the condescending patronage of the master never gave offence. These two have supplied no chapter to the Quarrels of Authors. It is true that they never lived in the same place. Distance is a great preserver of peace.—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

MATCH-MAKING MAMMAS.—The "mariage de convenance" is just as much an institution here as in Europe, and managing mammas are just as common. There is a lady well known in one of our cities who has married off a large family of daughters eligibly, and prides herself openly on having performed a mother's duty. "Not one of them," says this frank woman when speaking of her sons-in-law, "would have married a daughter of mine if I had not brought it about by little dinners and adroit attentions, by making opportunities for intercourse, and—by putting it in their heads. And they are all very happy. I think the world would be much better off if the question of marriage were settled for people by anybody but themselves."

But all young ladies have not such clever mammas; some must scheme and manœuvre for themselves. "What is the charm of the Clark girls?" asked a lady of a young man-about-town. "They are not pretty, or very intelligent, or fashionable, or rich, yet the young men frequent their house, and they have secured the three best matches in New-York."

"Well," was the reply, after a moment's pondering, "they sit down on a sofa well, they are always good-natured, they are very sympathetic, they make you feel as home, they are womanly and full of tact; when they bid you good-night, it is with a gentle pressure of the hand, which leads you to think that you have made an impression. Then they never allow their eyes to wander when you are talking to them."—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

AN EXPERIENCE.

For the New-York Times.

It was a bitter November day, and toward night the wind rose and blew in wild gusts around the belated cars, which gave a dismal shriek of a whistle, as they stopped at the most miserable and forlorn-looking town that weary passengers ever cast eyes on.

I had been obliged to take this journey—much against my will, for more reasons than one. I was a lonely woman, with no strong arm to lean on, and had to fight my own hard way through the world. But the business was imperative, and no time to be lost, for one of my dearest friends was in dire need, and I felt I must go to her. And now the cars had missed their connections several times, and here I was, at night, all alone in a strange place, with no chance of leaving till the next morning.

I tried, however, to accept the inevitable as patiently as possible, and proceeded to get out and look around me for the most promising place for passing the night.

Things did not look very encouraging. My few fellow-passengers seemed to have melted away while I had been thinking. They had not been a very congenial set, and most probably belonged here, and had gone to their own familiar places.

Anyway here I was, standing alone, and helplessly looking around me, when a seedy-looking cabman touched my arm, and offered to drive me to "the hotel"—the only one in the place, he said; so perforce I had to step into his seedier-looking vehicle, with inward forebodings.

After what seemed to me to be an age, we drew up at the dismal-looking establishment he had dignified by the name of hotel; and the solitary sleepy-looking waiter who appeared showed me to my room. As soon as I was alone, I attempted to investigate the chances of passing the night in security, if not comfort—for the miserable dingy carpet, bare walls and one chair did not seem particularly conducive to luxurious ease.

Judge of my horror when I found the key of the door gone, and no bolt or other means of fastening on it. My helpless condition overwhelmed me. A woman, alone, in a strange place, late at night!

I started up and pulled violently at the bell-rope, which came off in my hand. I then looked out in the entry, but nothing was to be seen by the dim light. Stay! was not that a man's shadow gliding around the corner? In fright I beat a hasty retreat, and barricaded the door as well as I could with the washstand and my solitary chair.

I then proceeded to examine the window, which, to my dismay, opened on a shed; and all sorts of fearful visions passed through my mind, of wild eyes glaring at me through the panes of glass, &c. But I resolved to conquer this nervousness, and overcome the dark presentiments of evil which clouded my mind and obscured my judgment.

I fastened the window as well as I could, and contented myself with dozing by the dim light of my kerosene lamp, humming a tune meanwhile to keep up my courage; but it was a ghastly attempt, and my own voice sounded strange enough, and soon fell back again into deep silence.

Hurriedly and nervously I finished my preparations and got into bed, after lowering the lamp. Just after my head touched the pillow, my attention was attracted by a curious-looking arrangement at the head of my bed. It was painted just the color of the wall, and had escaped my particular attention before, thinking it merely an irregularity in the shape of the room. It was a flat-looking projection, reaching from the floor to the ceiling, about six inches wide, and half that depth; and now, as I gazed, it appeared that this was in some way connected with the room above, for where it passed through the ceiling it did not seem so fit closely, but there was a space of about two inches between.

This annoyed and puzzled me, and I could not prevent my already excited imagination from wandering through that aperture to what might be above it, and trying to account for it in various ways. Soon, however, being overcome by the fatigues of the day, I found myself sinking uneasily to sleep, in spite of the nervous fears which beset me.

I cannot tell how long I had slept, when suddenly I became aware of a strong draught of air passing over my face, which rendered me partially conscious, so that I could feel that I was no longer under the influence of sleep. But what was it that bound me hand and foot? Why could I not raise my head? What subtle odor hung heavily on the air, and seemed to hold my senses? Chloroform! Chloroform! I knew it now! Just then another draught of air came, partially dispersing the dense, deadly atmosphere which surrounded me, and with an intense effort I was enabled to open my eyes—but that was all; neither hand nor foot could I move, and to my surprise and terror, I found that even then I could not see. There was something lying on my face.

The occasional gusts of air which seemed to sweep down from above, with their reviving influence, was all that kept me from sinking into utter insensibility, and gave to my senses some freedom, though the horrible drug, with its subtle power, had chained all my nerves and muscles.

As far as I could judge, there was a cloth saturated with chloroform, lying over my eyes and nose; but my mouth, fortunately, was free, which accounted for my having escaped succumbing directly and wholly to this dreadful numbness of heart and brain with which my strong will battled.

I could hear the wind shrieking and howling around the house, at first, and the sleet rattled against the window-panes with a dismal and dreary sound; but these seemed to grow fainter and fainter; and even when I knew the deadly insensibility was creeping over me, Suddenly I became dimly conscious that the cloth was being raised from my face. I was too far gone for terror, and my only sensation seemed to be an indistinct feeling of curiosity. Soon I found the light grow brighter, and my mind clearer, and my eyes followed the cloth as it rose into the air, over the head of my bed, up along the wall—through the aperture in the ceiling.

I strove to collect my senses, that I might comprehend this horror which beset me, and to think for what end this had been attempted. My heart sank within me, at the dread of what was yet to come—for surely this was not all! What could it mean? Oh, this helplessness! this deadly languor!

Suddenly a slight grating noise attracted my attention. I looked up and saw—good Heavens! Was it a knife? Yes—a sharp steel blade coming slowly through the dread-ed aperture; long and slender, and slightly curved; just to fit down closely over the throat, and without a struggle from the victim, complete the work the chloroform had begun.

Yes it was all clear now; this out of the way place, where lonely travelers arriving late at night, might thus be quietly put out of the way and never missed! How many poor murdered victims had occupied this same room?—had perhaps gone peacefully to sleep here in this very bed, never to wake again!

My eyes fastened with a kind of fascination on the bright blade. Quickly, quietly it came. On—on—the inevitable doom—and I, powerless to resist! My senses grew sharper, but the bound muscles refused to act. Down it came—until, Oh! horror! the cold steel touched my throat. With all the force of my will I made a tremendous effort, and with one horrid shriek I bounded from the bed on to the floor—to find—that I had jumped into the toy water-bucket; which quickly woke me from my nightmare to the fact that the bright morning sun was laughing in my face; and that I had been passing through a thrilling adventure, (thanks to my nervous apprehensions,) which had been suddenly brought to a conclusion by a piece of plaster falling in my mouth from that same dreaded aperture; which, on examination, proved to be only a commonplace stove-pipe, boxed up for ornamental purposes.

I left that house a "sadder and a wiser" woman, with a cold in my head from those "reviving gusts of air" which had been blowing from the stove-pipe hole all night, and a determination to be less suspicious, and to "look before I leap" hereafter.

M. B. O.

SYMPTOMS OF HYDROPHOBIA.—Monsieur H. Bouley (whose *Rapport sur la Rage* deserves careful perusal, both by the medical profession and the police authorities) relates the following fact: Two ladies came to the veterinary school of Alfort, accompanied by a little girl four years old, to consult the surgeon about a dog which they nursed on their knees throughout their drive, and which wore a perfectly useless muzzle. This dog, they said, who slept in their room, had become so excited as to prevent their sleeping. All night long he did nothing but scratch the floor with his feet.

The dog was evidently mad. He was scarcely within the iron gates of Alfort, before his characteristic bark put the students on their guard. And yet this very dog, during the three days following his first indisposition, had scrupulously respected his mistresses. He had slightly bitten the child, but his teeth had not penetrated her clothing. When Monsieur Bouley expressed his astonishment at the easy way in which the ladies treated the affair, they answered, "How could we suppose the dog to be mad? He drank frequently; he even seemed thirsty and anxious for drink."

The bark, which is peculiar to madness is the symptom most easily recognised by unprofessional persons. That bark has lost its usual strength; its tone is mournful; it is hollow, stifled, degenerating into three or four half-uttered howls, producing a plaintive and singular effect on the ear. The first symptoms of canine madness are a sullenness of temper and an involuntary restlessness, which manifests itself by a continual change of position. Instead of being snappish or aggressive, the dog tries to hide himself. During this first period, he does not always refuse his food.

Soon, however, he begins to loathe it. Then comes on an irresistible desire to bite; to gratify which he tears, crunches with his teeth, and swallows all sorts of things which are useless as food. A young dog certainly will tear things for fun, but he will not swallow them, whereas post-mortem examinations of mad dogs show their stomachs to be full of sticks, straw, wool, stones, and other indigestible substances. Consequently, every dog past puppyhood who cannot be prevented from dragging about and destroying the carpets, mats, and cushions in the house, ought immediately to be placed under strict surveillance. The same precaution should be taken with dogs who show themselves unusually aggressive toward other animals of the same species. Indeed, a symptom of madness not to be neglected is the impression made on the mad dog by the dog in good health. Immediately the sick animal perceives the healthy one, a fit of rage is the consequence. At Alfort, this very test is had recourse to in doubtful cases. When the patient is shown another dog, if truly mad he does his utmost to get at him, and it allowed to do so, bites him furiously.—*All the Year Round.*

A CAT WITH A CHARACTER.—I saw none there outrivaling "Our Jake" at home in America. Jake is a Maltese, huge and generally lazy. He was educated by a sea Captain, and by him left with our family several years ago. Jumping through your arms is his chief accomplishment. He shirks that now whenever possible. He deems it beneath the dignity of middle age. He sleeps on the bed with our folks. On very cold nights he burrows under the blankets. His hour for retiring is 9. He signifies his readiness for rest by going to the bedroom door and looking anxiously around. He likes to arise by daylight. If our folks do not respond, he makes three separate demonstrations. First, he gets up, stretches himself; then, sits upon our folks and looks gravely in their faces. Sometimes he touches one of their eyes with his paw. This is his gentle way of saying, "It's time to get up." But if our folks say, with Solomon's sluggard, "A little more slumber, a little more folding of the hands," &c., Jake jumps off the bed and makes himself very disagreeable and noisy by scratching at the door. If there is then no movement, he jumps on the bed again and trots all over our folks. This is a more determined way of saying, "Come, come! Well, I never! Ain't you going to get up today?"

Jake is heavy; he is aldermanic. His trot generally brings our folks to terms. When he sees them down-stairs and the kitchen fire kindled, he seems better satisfied. He smells his own breakfast not after off. But he troubles none with the demands of his stomach until the rest are satisfied. He is a cat of order, regularity and etiquette. When he sees the chairs drawn back and the knives and forks laid down, he indicates that his time for being served has come, by a slight, well-bred mew. He knows his place in the family. He knows he is ornamental, useful, and amusing. He asks but for justice and the war

PUNCH AND JUDY IN AMERICA.

Why should not Mr. Buttercups, the manager of Punch and Judy, take rank and station among the leading impresarios of the day? If the *Annuaire Dramatique*, dating back for centuries, proves itself quite authentic, and historically proves that amid the burning ruins of Moscow the encampers of a world gave to it laws and regulations; according to its director, its histrionic art at least, a position equal to that of a Marshal of France, why should there not be award out to the simple and modest Mr. Buttercups a like distinction? Miracle plays were in their infancy when *Jonathan* or *Benjamin* had grown gray with age. For aught we know, the puppet-show may be older than Sebastopol, and the Hindoo, antic, Brahmin, the smoking idol, before whose awful image the old idolatrous mass trembled, and the squeaking manikin, who made them laugh the translation, is not so great after all. Chinese has had in all ages puppets, and Japanese art has carried the species of entertainment to its extreme limits. Puppets may be detected for a season here every now and then, dancing, dancing, nights away, and thrones of people welcome the little creature figures with unbridled delight. In Paris, six years ago, puppetdom was in the rage. Some poor fellow, with undeabled talents, scrooging in vain for that particular groove through which his ideas might smoothly run, had a sick child. To amuse his little girl he made a puppet-show. Performing for her alone, very soon the children of the neighborhood gave attended. Gradually the fame of his mimic theatre spread all over the quarter in which he lived. Engagements for private performances followed. With success his powers increased. From two figures at his modest debut, in a short time twenty actors occupied his stage. From the broad farce he ascended to the extreme flight of high comedy, and distinguished *vaudeville* makers were only too glad to have their efforts produced by his little figures, and finally a handsome competency rewarded his efforts. Whether Mr. Buttercups, however—who now, like a masculine Joel, is busy with a tack, which he is driving with a hammer straight into Judy's temple, in this ingenious manner securely fastening her sash—whether, I repeat, Mr. Buttercups ever will make his fortune out of Punch and Judy, I cannot tell.

"And how," I ask of the manager, "did you get into the business?"

"Runs in the family, Sir, just like to play Richard III. is in the Kemble blood. Father was a Punch Fuker before me, and just as like it as not my grandfather was in that line. It came to me natural." Here he straightened out Punch's reverential gray hair, and sewed on a spangle to the extremity of his hump.

"The piece always ends one way," I remarked; "the broad farce closes with a tragedy."

"Must be so," simply replied Mr. Buttercups; "that's one of the traditions. There can be no regular out-and-out. Punch and Judy show which don't wind up in somebody swinging. You may introduce all kinds of comedy into the piece; stuff it full of all the most genteel gags of high comedy, but the gallows is the wind-up. In the old country it's Punch that swings, but here we ends with Punch hanging the policeman. It ain't exactly the thing, Sir, and besides being an innovation, is disrespectful to the authorities; but it's much the same thing in the long run, I suppose. This is the gallows," and the manager handed me a black-painted gallows, about a foot long, with a bit of red curtain cord attached to it.

"Exactly," I replied. "And, Mr. Buttercups, in your own terse language you have converted the predominant idea of the old Greek tragedy, Orestes, Œdipus and Antigone may struggle as they please, but cannot escape their doom." No doubt I should have very much edified Mr. Buttercups, had it not been that, just then, the audience—some thousand little street boys—all sealed on the floor, as closely packed as sardines in a box, as if with one voice, shouted, "Up with the rag; why don't you begin?" The Times manager having at last brought the children in order, and the band having been told to play, there was a brief interval of silence on the part of the children.

"My first recollections of Punch and Judy have something to do with a dog. Where is Toby?" I inquired.

"We had him, Sir, the nicest little cocker spaniel you ever saw," replied Mr. Buttercups, "was trained to the business, and was a leading star, carrying on the action of the piece all by himself. It was beautiful to see the calm way in which he would sit on the ledge of this here very Punch and Judy box a smoking his pipe, and waiting for the curtain to roll up. Then he would change his play. That dog, Sir, never had his eyes off of Punch all the time, whether he was on the stage or off. We would miss Punch sometimes under the rest of the figures, when we didn't want him for the time, but that dog never lost sight of him. Then to see the way in which he would fight him. It was beautiful, Sir. If ever a dog died of over excitement, it was that dog, Sir; professional life was too much for him; he couldn't stand the strain."

"Then you don't stick exactly to the English text?" I said.

"No, Sir; there are several changes we have had the honor of introducing, which I do not hesitate to say are good ones. An American audience is much more appreciative, and likes, even demands, novelties. In the first place our figures are much larger than those used in the old country; may be they are three times as big, and so can be better seen. It takes, though, more art to move them, and more voice to make the talk come out of them. We have to *dialogue* three times as loud. Then the heads in England are made out of wood. Wood is good for most things, but it won't stand the unlimited amount of whacking and banging our actors have to go through. It ain't on our stage a crack with a harlequin's lathe, or a blow with a stuffed piece of canvas; it's a regular pounding with a broom-stick-handle my performers are. I make their heads of gutta-percha, made out of that, they last ten times as long, and if a nose does happen to fly off it's easy stuck on again; but the great point is that when you give them a whack, you hear the sound better. Now Punch's club, too, has been altered by me to suit American tastes. This is an English one," and he exhibited a piece of wood, about as big round as my little finger. "Here is the one we use; it's a bit of broomstick, and every lick you strike with it, tells. You see our audiences are more critical here, and want better effects. I am certain I dress my figures too much better than they do in the old country. Here are all my little people—Punch, Judy, the baby, the policeman, the darkey, the Irishman, the Dutchman, the opera-singer and Mose and O'Baldwin and Mr. Merryman. That's quite a catalogue of actors for two people, me and my mate, to manage. In England, with Punch and Judy, they don't introduce any other people on the stage but Jack Keach and the Devil. The first character we have, supposin' here, is Genteelly, in England, after Punch is hung, the devil comes him up once or twice when is the awful warning and moral to the piece."

"Is not a squeaking voice Punch's natural organ?" I inquired.

"Right you are, Sir; but people here don's seem to understand it. It's an art of itself to squeak properly. I squeaked when I was seven years old. It's done by means of a piece of the or reed, with a ribbon on it, which you hold in your mouth. It takes practice to do it. There was a man agoing through New-York streets a month ago, on the squeak lay, a setting of them musical instruments for the comic. He could do it prime; but there's lots of people who is buying them, I don's think any of them ever made a sound come out of them."

"How many Punch and Judy shows do you think there are now in the United States?" I inquired.

"About forty, and some of them doing a fair business. Summer, of course, is our slack time. But in the Winter we do quite well, showing at private houses and schools, especially about Christmas time. It's a growing taste. I don's think, however, it does well in the streets. Taking most fifteen minutes between the overture (pipes and drum) and the dropping of the curtain in one long. It brings whether hand is passed in the street hand; for policemen won't allow it. In the old country it's, as you know, a regular thing, and they couldn's no more stop Punch and Judy in the streets than they could the Queen. It takes two men to carry of the showbox. Yes, my mate has talents, and his Dutchman and his opera-singer always brings down the house. Now, you wouldn't think what really hard work it is, especially of a warm day like this, with all these children crowding around you, shut up in a little box, all closed in with baize, holding both hands up in the air, with the figures, and talking and gesticulating so as to put life into them. You see my mate goes into Punch's right arm, and my first finger into his left arm. Inside the sleeve are sewed two India-rubber rings; these close round my fingers and hold him tight. That is how I can get a good flutter on the stick, and can make things tackle. We use all the figures this down back here, one on top of the other, so as to have them handy, so that they make their *entree* and *sortie* quicker than they could by means of a call boy. It has a deal more artistic in it."

"And what, pray, does it cost to mount an entertainment of this varied character, building, scenic decorations, and actors, male and female, included?"

"Seventy-five dollars would not buy them. But there is a story about a Punch and Judy show which once fetched a tall figure. It runs in the history of our family that it was my great-grandfather who was the lucky man. I think I can tell it to you before we begin the show."

"Let me have it, pray," I said.

"I don't vouch for it, but my mother believed it and used to tell it to me. Well, you see, once in London streets, there was a Punch and Judy party and his mate, that used to be real tip-top and out-and-out performers. Now, whether folks in those days (it was a hundred year ago) cared more for Punch and Judy, or had more money to spend—victuals being cheaper—I am unequal to say. But it was only necessary for that particular show to perform in a neighborhood, but that all the people, big and little, swarmed about it, got crazy over it, and just showered down the ha'pence. Once there came driving along a Nobleman. The story says he was no less than a Markiss, in his chariot, and a crowd blocked up the street. 'Scream,' said he, 'coachman drive on, if you do have to run over somebody; my lady is a waiting for me.'

"'Can't be done, my Lord,' said the coachman; 'it would be worth more than my life. It's Punch and Judy, my Lord, and the out-and-out best show of the kind in all London. As your Lordship's coach can's pass, you had as well axing your pardon, look out of the coach window for a moment and see for yourself. May I never wear a nosegay in my button-hole, or powder wig again my old Lordship's service, if your Lordship don't split his sides a laughing.' So the Markiss was forced to wait until the show was over. Seeing such a good chance, the Punch and Judy men played at the Markiss, who was a rolling back on the cushions of his coach, and with such success that he fell back after a time in a fit of laughter, and was only brought too by a piece of rappee, which he took out of his gold snuff-box, set with diamonds. His Lordship, delighted, threw them a guinea, and insisted that they should begin over again. When the second performance was brought to a close, nothing would suffice his Lordship but to box out the whole concern, and five hundred pounds being the figure, for box, puppets and all, he handed out that amount, all in crisp Bank of England notes, and packing everything in his coach, rode post-haste home with his prize. The minute he got there, he had his new purchase set up, the figures all arranged, and in his brocade dressing-gown and slippers awaited the performance, he alone making the entire audience. Of course nothing moved, though the Markiss from time to time, cried out 'Begin! begin! I am waiting on you.' The story goes on to say, that those puppets never did budge. In fact, the Markiss had forgotten to purchase the real performer after all."

"It was the *animus*, the soul, that was wanting." I remarked, quite interested.

"No, it was Bill, or Dick, or whatever their names might have been, who wasn't there to work 'em," replied Mr. Buttercups, with great *sang froid*. "There is another yarn, about a Punch and Judy show, as was told me by a friend in the same business. It has a bit of a love story in it. You see, there was once a Squire, as lived in a grand country-seat, in a county near London. Awful big swell folks, you know, and he had a beautiful daughter, but he was kind of hard on her. She loved a nice young man, but her father was bent on uniting her to a rich old party she couldn't bear. Just a day before she was to be forced to marry the old duffer, there came around a showing on the lawn a Punch and Judy man. Out comes young Miss and her father to look. The young person was awful melancholy like, and had come out to try and see if the world forgot all about the coming nuptials. The show commenced, but it didn't seem to please her much. By and by something about Punch seemed to interest her. Showed if he wasn's making some kind of a declaration of love to her. Presently the butler comes and says as how three was a decanter of some-thing-or-other for his master to pass down. Off went on, and the Squire goes into the house to enjoy himself, and the young woman stays behind. Presently Punch gets much more outspoken, and soon she hears a coming from that very Punch and Judy box a voice that sounds mighty like that of the young man, whom she had loved and hadn't heard from for a twelve-month. A kind of disguising his voice, that man in the box says to her, in a language which the rest of the people couldn't understand—maybe it was French—'Here I am inside of this show box, just a-dying for the hives of you. There ain't but one way for you to get out of there this here scrape.' 'Of course,' remarked Mr. Buttercups, 'he said that much more pretty than I can, but that was the upshot of it, and says he, 'The way to do it is for you to come round to the back when nobody sees you, now that the governor's out of the way, and get right into the box with me, and this man here, though he be a real Punch and Judy man, is a true friend, and will stand by us. You have only to come, and before you are missed, we will be moved off half a mile, all hid up in the box, to where in the lane there is a post-chaise, with four horses, and we will be in Gretna Green before any one knows you are gone. It's your last chance.' The story goes on to say that that young woman who had had an idea five minutes before of finding consolation in her father's fish-pond, went right straight for that show-box, where she found her long-lost true love, and they were married as Gretna Green, and, in time, the old gentleman, who couldn't get along at all without his daughter, bid her and her husband come back, and they was all forgiven, and was happy as Jack in a box. That's all, Sir. I ain't much on spinning yarns outside of the regular business of the show. Those children are getting dreadful impatient, and the band will stop in a minute, and there is my mate inside a signaling for me. Those little boys and girls in that audience, counting the others on former Times' excursions, must make most fifteen thousand children who have been introduced to Punch and Judy for the first time. All ready, Mr. Harcourt, up with the curtain," and saying this, lifting up the baize curtain, he disappeared.

Three loud whistles were blown as a signal, and in a second the thousand children were as silent as mice.

* * * * * * * *

Enter Punch. "Well, my dear little children, how are ye? It is proud I am to have the pleasure (bows until he bangs over the ledge of the box) of (bows again) seeing you (very long, a merry humor today, (sings,) but I wonder where my wife Judy is. Mrs. Judy, Judy, Judy, I say?"

JUDY, (who pops suddenly up, and talks in the highest possible falsetto)—Coming, coming, Mr. Punch. Dear me, what an awful noise you make screaming in that way, loud enough to frighten all these dear little children to death.

PUNCH (irate)—I didn't screech, Judy.

JUDY (becoming excited)—Yes did (putting her arms a-kimbo, and thrusting her face close to Punch, until they nose meet.) Here's the "I didn's" and "you dids" follow fast and faster, culminating in a fight between the two, ending with the first knock-down for Punch. The row subsides as suddenly as it commenced, and Punch and Judy embrace, and the fun commences.

To see a thousand children laugh at Punch, is alone the best criterion of its merits.

Impossible Bail Approved.

Judge Leonard yesterday rendered a decision approving the bail furnished in the case of James H. Ingersoll. He holds the conveyance of the property objected to, to be bonafide, to have been absolute, and as much accessible to the creditors of the husband as any property owned by the husband. If, however, the property had been conveyed to the husband by the party offering bail, he is of opinion the case would be other wise.

A MUG OF BEER.

Made Our Own Beer—Bavarian.

DARMSTADT, Wednesday, Sept. 4, 1878.

After crossing a bridge, bitterson and I ventured on down the opened paved avenue which terminates opposite to the Georgen Thor. To the right extends the broad plain which continues (before it was burnt up) the Royal Theatre, and has as its extreme boundary, the Picture Gallery and adjoining museums. Close to the left is a dirty-brown plastered block of narrow-windowed old architecture, in front of which—as of everything in the way of buildings which is large and quaint—there lies the avenue is to be seen a Saxon warrior. A line of blue dragoons, with half-dead horses drooping between the shafts, and blue-coated drivers cursing at one another from the seats, are ranged along the space between the bridge and the path from the pride to the Thor.

This Gate has an eminently foreign and mediæval appearance—low-browed, dark, twisted, a bewilderment of crenated arches and simple arches; in short, stone strangely varied. It is divided into three distinct passages, of which the centre one for vehicles, those on the sides for foot-passengers, and there are minor archways opening through at first sight, giving those in the passage way glimpses of these in circuit. Everything is low, heavy, blackened, massive and ugly. The people on the top of the omnibuses duck their heads between their knees as they go under; the hoof-trains and the voice of the driver echo cheerily and darkly back, and every few minutes a terrific altercation takes place between the jehus of two opposing vehicles, who have entered the opposite entrances at the same moment. There isn't room enough for them to pass one another, and each pledges his soul and his honor that he is the farthest in, and that he will never turn back. I fancy they indulge in these disputes chiefly to give their horses a rest, and their tongues exercise; a German can't be happy long without saying something, and since they are, as a race, the happiest people I know of, it follows that they all are talking the greater part of the time.

George's Gate exists because the great overgrown palace crosses the street—the main street of the city, called, at this point (for it has two more names further down) Schloss Strasse. Through the Gate is the only direct road into the town. The great, black, flat-faced palace (they have just begun to paint it light brown, though—(an outlay for which, I suspect, we may thank the French indemnity) rises up like an enormous wall, seventy feet or more in height, and of indeterminate extent sideways. There is not the slightest pretense at architectural adornment; it looks like a titanic old barn, stretched out ultimately like a telescope. It is very beautiful, they say, within, but I don's care to see it. I wouldn't take lodgings in Aladdin's Palace, if it looked like this outside. A whited sepulchre is bad enough, but a sepulchred palace is great deal worse.

Nevertheless, Simpson and I, passed through the Georgen Thor, after first stopping to read the announcement of the evening's opera, which always hangs at the right-hand entrance; hangs not; is pasted. All the Court Theatre bills are inclosed in little wooden frames, protected, in front, by a wire screen instead of glass, and hung in certain particular places about the city. That wire screen is distractive, especially in the evening, when the lamp throws its shadow upon the paper. To attempt to read it is worse than counting the rails of a white picket fence with a bright and shining cane; not counting that the bill is printed in German type, which destroys the eye, under the best circumstances. Well we passed through, and the deep, narrow, indirect length of Schloss Strasse lay before us. From this point of view it is an ideal street of German antiquity. The houses are lofty and irregular, with gabled roofs, mullioned windows and quaint embrasures. Except during two hours or so of the afternoon, the street is in shadow; the sunlight climbs higher and higher up the ancient plastered front of the buildings, until it has gilded the tallest chimney-pot, and gone to the dome of the Frauen Kirche, which is higher still. As you walk along, yellow-hoarded soldiers, in bright blue and white uniforms and brass spanlets, stare at you from the second story windows of the palace—still the palace!—one side of it extends nearly half-way down the Schloss Strasse, whence its name; for schloss is what they say here when they mean palace or castle; that is Simpson's way of putting it. Moreover, there is here a gate—not a tunnel, like the Georgen Thor—but a real gate, black, of course, but having the appearance of stone, and embellished, with some carving, badly done, to be sure, but still appealing to the temper exasperated by flat plaster surfaces. Two spike-headed military men, with bayonetted rifles, try to look as if they were in charge of something valuable; but the effort is evidently wearisome. Through the gate you peer into a great paved court, inclosed by four dark palace walls; it looks like not Seidel, as Hypatia would say.

The crowded little shops, with their foreign signs, broad plate-glass windows, and seductive wares, caused my brother-in-law and myself to halt at every other step. First, there is the Porzellan Lager—not a beer-saloon, as Simpson hastily supposed, but the store in which the famous Dresden china is on sale. We shall go inside some time, so we only looked at a jar, four feet high, rich, soft maroon-color, with a wonderful bunch of flowers, a foot in diameter, and painted so well that we could smell them through the window. Beyond this is a place where they keep all sorts of photographs and engravings, most of which one wants to hang up in his room. Some distance further on there is an ivory-store; it isn't more than eight feet wide, but it gives one entirely new views of life and mankind to look in and see the carvings. Not far beyond this is the meerschaum-store, which is useless to enter upon at present. Simpson and I, by the way, were bound for Müller's beer-saloon, in the Neumarkt, and we ultimately got there; but nothing like the Dresden shop-windows can be found anywhere. It isn't only that they have nice things, but they arrange them so tastefully and attractively.

We turned down Rosmarin Strasse, which, as far as breadth goes, is an alley; not a blind alley, however, by any means; some of the best stores in the city illuminate its length, and that of its prolongations, which go under different names. Simpson and I kept on, loving one another alternate turns as the sidewalk, and in about two minutes we emerged into the Neumarkt, with its six acres or so of irregular pavements, its dark, be-domed Frauen Kirche, its expensive Hotel de Saxe, and a small cluster of market stalls in the further corner. A few steps to the left brought us to Müller's door, which is half glass, with his name painted on it in white. There ensued a dark and somewhat evil-smelling passage—but there is always a vile, undrained odor in Dresden alley-ways—resolving itself into a winding staircase, up which we groped and came into violent contact with two gentlemen who were descending with their disrobed to the limitations of steps which is inspired by the generous influence of beer. Nevertheless, we persevered, and presently set foot in the first of a series of four or five small rooms, opening into one another, and facing on the square.

"Let us," said I to my brother-in-law—for there were two very handsome and stylishly-dressed ladies sitting at the table in this room, who, in spite of their youth and beauty, were unprovided with male escorts—"suppose," said I, "we go on to the next room."

The next room contained a young lady, not bad-looking either, who was provided with an attendant of the opposite sex, and very fond he seemed to be of her.

"Let's get out further," muttered Simpson; "never do to stay hereabouts."

On we went; the next room presented the same difficulty to our undisturbed enjoyment as the former; but the last room, which is much bigger than any of the others, was devoid of any dangerous or embarrassing features, and we took a table by the window, and sat down. A dress-coated gentleman, whose features and manner reminded us of a member of our own female, approached, received our order for beer, and moved away to execute it.

We were in a lofty room, with about a dozen windows, eighteen inches apart. The floor was "parquette," inlaid with oak; the walls hung with panel paper; the furniture of a black, polished wood, relieving ebony, was really white and painted black. A tea-bench extended sideboard, enriched with gold frames, and gaudiest inside with scarlet, was the most conspicuous piece. There were some fifteen tables, with as many white table-cloths. A door opened beyond the sideboard into a dark little apartment, where we could dimly discern a waiter eating his dinner.

It was quite a cumfortable hall, or would have been decidedly so for a certain chilliness that took that time will give to all partially grandeur. The black enamel upon the chairs was worn at the edges, which showed a line of white peeping through. The carpet on the floor, little worn at all and was had grown rusty and dirty. The imposing sideboard had seen service. The crimson curtains had begun to pale before the monochrome daylight. The gilded chandeliers were tarnished and dethroned. But comfort followed in the wake of departing splendor, and the sideboard dark was comfortable.

Our table, like the rest, was furnished with a cruet-stand, three small-box, large or four little round stands for the beer-glasses, a mustard, pepper and salt cruet, and a small silver or plated toothpick, consisting of a little yellow toothpick. Simpson and I amused ourselves during our stay by taking one out and another of these toothpicks, biting the ends off until the whole resembled a brush in fragments, and snapping the fragments at each other when either happened not to be on guard.

Kress, the waiter, was such a fine view of the square. In front of me, as I sat, was a many-windowed, fresh-painted building, with "Hotel Stadt Berlin" staring me in the face with big gold letters. At one side of the broad arched entrance, leaning with his hands behind him, against the wall, was a porter with a blue apron and no hat. By his side stood a dark-brown, glossy little dog, with a very long body, very short legs, crooked inward, and an upright tail with a twist in it. About twenty people were dispersed about the plaza, standing motionless, idem, or crossing it in one direction or another. There were no carriages in sight, except three or four droschkys on the stand to the right. A woman with bare legs and a blue handkerchief on her head was helping a couple of men to pull a heavily-laden cart. I watched her procedure until a piece of one of my brother-in-law's toothpicks hit me, and turning round, I found the beer had arrived; a pint mug of brown, soft, creamy, mellow Columbacher beer, crowned with an inch of foam as white, as close, and far more wholesome than snow. Oh! what refreshment! what a flavor! how gratefully it glides down the throat, and diffuses joy throughout the system, and delights the heart! We don't get this sort of thing at home, old fellow!" observed I to my brother-in-law. He winked ineffably, and wiped the foam from his mustache with his handkerchief.

BELLEROPHON.

STATE BOARD OF EQUALIZATION.

The Value of Real and Personal Property in the State—One-Half the Taxable Property in This City.

The Board of Equalization for the valuation of the real and personal property in the State of New-York, Hon. Nelson K. Hopkins, State Controller, presiding, concluded its labors at Albany on Friday last. The table given below is one of the results of their labors. By it, it will be seen that the equalized value of real estate in New-York City and County alone is $794,300,410, against $1,811,379,410 for the whole State. Kings County (Brooklyn) is the next in wealth, having real estate valued at $175,411,526. The assessed valuation of real property as returned by the Assessors of these two counties, amounts to $1,000,000,000 but the State Board placed it at lower figures for the purpose of equalization, but a reunion does not modify the total for the State. The County Assessors gave New-York $592,300,410, and Kings County $166,758,784. The aggregate of New-York is valued as $606,347,228, and of Brooklyn at $19,756,751. The aggregate valuation of real and personal property in New-York is $1,081,383,633, very nearly one-half that of the whole State, which is $2,068,627,443.

Counties.	Equalized Value of Real Estate.	Equalized Value of Personal Estate.	Aggregate Equalized Value.
Albany	$40,603,023	$7,454,642	$48,238,674
Allegany	6,000,000	795,001	6,795,001
Broome	7,963,261	949,031	8,912,292
Cattaraugus	5,919,287	988,803	6,907,910
Cayuga	17,666,000	3,172,164	20,838,164
Chautauqua	11,022,429	1,672,094	12,694,523
Chemung	3,003,000	888,342	3,891,342
Chenango	10,177,377	1,140,000	11,317,311
Clinton	5,528,888	816,340	6,345,228
Columbia	17,130,822	4,212,421	21,343,243
Cortland	6,177,400	1,294,027	7,471,427
Delaware	8,000,000	1,000,000	9,000,000
Dutchess	23,857,018	3,759,094	27,616,112
Erie	43,941,336	1,328,385	45,269,721
Essex	4,866,266	467,675	5,334,037
Franklin	5,041,849	730,772	5,772,621
Fulton	3,207,464	462,122	3,669,586
Genesee	12,000,000	2,205,463	14,205,463
Greene	8,420,000	848,000	9,268,447
Herkimer	7,286,520	10,610	7,297,130
Hamilton	3,186,081	1,487,991	4,674,072
Jefferson	12,000,000	2,652,362	14,652,362
Kings	175,411,526	19,756,751	195,168,277
Lewis	3,444,328	284,318	3,728,647
Livingston	13,212,948	1,395,017	14,607,965
Madison	8,666,167	1,582,160	10,149,347
Monroe	22,268,000	2,265,000	24,533,000
Montgomery	7,141,898	320,116	7,461,000
New-York	592,300,410	606,347,228	1,041,233,633
Niagara	12,900,804	1,718,639	14,719,142
Oneida	27,817,000	2,104,310	29,921,310
Onondaga	23,079,755	2,640,277	24,719,032
Ontario	15,555,628	1,559,110	17,115,738
Orange	22,000,000	4,219,000	26,219,000
Orleans	8,000,000	1,193,200	9,193,200
Oswego	13,722,484	1,516,677	15,239,161
Otsego	11,000,000	1,900,000	12,900,000
Putnam	4,000,000	1,000,000	5,000,000
Queens	9,000,000	1,000,000	10,000,000
Rensselaer	21,750,023	2,942,454	24,692,477
Richmond	7,000,000	440,000	7,440,000
Rockland	6,453,217	1,253,120	7,706,337
Saratoga	11,000,000	1,000,000	12,000,000
Schenectady	5,000,000	620,348	5,620,348
Schoharie	3,000,000	547,745	3,547,745
Schuyler	4,000,000	411,878	4,411,878
Seneca	6,000,000	1,000,000	7,000,000
St. Lawrence	12,000,000	2,000,000	14,000,000
Steuben	13,231,929	1,561,015	14,792,944
Suffolk	9,791,877	2,024,400	11,816,277
Sullivan	3,000,000	1,000,000	4,000,000
Tioga	6,289,077	711,525	6,001,002
Tompkins	4,320,000	1,195,200	5,695,120
Ulster	10,973,022	2,249,326	13,222,760
Warren	4,000,000	1,000,000	5,000,000
Washington	12,230,029	2,952,347	15,223,376
Wayne	13,670,000	1,312,000	14,982,000
Westchester	52,182,207	7,695,487	59,877,694
Wyoming	10,000,000	1,000,000	11,000,000
Yates	5,366,755	944,029	7,911,384
Totals	$1,811,379,410	$257,248,033	$2,068,627,443

Produce Exchange Meeting.

The members of the New-York Produce Exchange held a meeting yesterday to take action in regard to the proceedings of the Bank of Commerce and the City Bank, the cashiers of which refused, recently, to cash certified checks when presented otherwise than through the Clearing-house. Mr. Jewell occupied the chair. The resolutions appended were offered, which Mr. Alexander E. Orr supported in an address of some length. At its close a vote was taken, when it was found that they were not indorsed by a majority of the members present:

It appeared, it became known, to the members of the New-York Produce Exchange, that, with a view to contract and defeat the action of a certain clique of speculators whose sole object appeared to be the creation of a monetary panic and universal commercial disaster, in order that they might the more surely and effectually reap pecuniary benefit therefrom to themselves, Henry T. Tail, Cashier of the National Bank of Commerce, and Moses Taylor, President of the National City Bank, both of this City, did promptly and courageously assume grave responsibilities which were effective and beneficial to the commercial interests of the Metropolis and through it to the trade and commerce of the United States, therefore,

Resolved, That the thanks and hearty sympathy of the members of the New-York Produce Exchange are hereby tendered to the Bank of Commerce and City Bank, and their respective officers, for the efforts they have made to save the commercial community from wholesale ruin, and protect from all combinations to create an artificial contraction of the currency of the country.

Resolved, That the action on the matters to society, and ownership of association with honest business men, all persons whose aim it is to benefit themselves by the misfortune they may entail upon others, and that such conduct should be considered by the community as proof of contempt and respect and deemed financial outlaws.

Resolved, That copies of these resolutions, duly attested, be sent to the Board of Management of the banks named above.

Discharge of an Alleged Bogus Check Operator.

Emanuel Fernandez, alias Frosch, charged with obtaining money under false pretenses by passing bogus checks, was brought before Judge Leonard, in Supreme Court, Chambers, yesterday, on a writ of habeas corpus, and a motion made for his discharge from custody. It appeared from the papers in the case that Fernandez purchased from Donaldson & Co., of this City, property to the amount of $66, giving in payment a draft drawn by one Perez on Taylor & Co., to the order of the former, and indorsed by him, to at the same time representing that Taylor & Co. were his bankers, and that he had an account there. This draft was for $1,500, the difference between which and the sum purchased was paid to the prisoner. On presentation of the draft at Taylor & Co.'s, the answer was returned that Perez, the drawer, had no account there.

Mr. Sidney H. Stuart, who appeared as counsel for the prisoner, argued on grounds for the motion, that, for aught which appeared on the face of the paper, the representations of the prisoner, that Taylor & Co. were his bankers, and that he had an account with them, were true. Judge Leonard held the point in favor of the prisoner to be well taken, and discharged him from custody.

MILITARY GOSSIP.

On Thursday afternoon the Second Connecticut Regiment of Infantry, Col. Stephen E. Smith, arrived by the New-Haven Railroad in this City, and was received by the Seventh N. G., at the Grand Central Depot. After the usual reception formalities had been gone through, the commands took up the march down Fifth-avenue and Broadway to the armory of "the Seventh," where the Connecticut soldiers stacked arms and immediately proceeded to the Grand Central Hotel, their head-quarters while sojourning in the City. On Friday morning, at 11 o'clock, the Seventy-first received the Second Connecticut at Lafayette Place, and escorted them to the Fair Ground at Newark, N. J., passing Mayor Hall, a marching salute while en route. A regiment of New-Jersey troops joined the military party at the Fair, and after considerable time spent in reviews and drilling, they returned to the City in the evening, being received by the Twenty-second at their armory in Fourteenth-street. After a royal time spent in feasting and speechifying, the military visitors turned their faces homeward as midnight, being escorted to the boat by the Twenty-second and a large and enthusiastic delegation from other regiments. The visit of the Second Connecticut has proven a wholesome lesson to the militia of this City—for it is found that there are military organizations outside of New-York equal, in some respects, to the crack corps of the Metropolis. Seldom has such an exhibition of soldierly bearing and unequaled marching been witnessed in the National Guard. Comment is unnecessary—everybody saw the Connecticut troops, and everybody was loud in their praise. The different regiments who paraded with them certainly did admirably, and never before were their laurels were nearly equaled by the visitors, who leave an excellent impression among all classes, and take with them a vivid recollection of their reception and the unbounded hospitalities of the National Guard of the State of New-York.

A short time before the Connecticut regiment passed the City Hall, Col. C. S. Spencer, of the Fifth Regiment, N. G., arrived at that building with Mayor H. G. Lewis, of New-Haven, Hon. M. D. Sperry, Postmaster of New-Haven, Hon. E. S. Yeomans, Mayor, Col. Gen. Marwin, Col. Fox, Assistant Adjutant-Gen. Quartermaster-Gen. Dickinson, Surgeon-Gen. Whittemore, Commissary-Gen. Perry, Col. Knowlton, Aid-de-Camp, Assistant Quartermaster-Gen. Blakeslee, and others. Col. Spencer officiated in the work of formally introducing the visitors to the Mayor of New-York, and after the usual hand-shaking, &c., the combined civic and military party proceeded down the steps of the City Hall to the military reception room.

The question of a "Veteran Guard" is again agitated among the Veteran Association of the Seventh Regiment, N. G. Over one hundred of those gentlemen have furnished their residences to procure the necessary outfit, when arrangements are completed. A Guard of this kind would add much to the pleasures of old soldiers of the Seventh, and, no doubt, would excel in drill and discipline any organization in the United States. The "Old Guard" is an example.

A "Cadet Corps" is again spoken of, and hopes entertained of its organization this Winter. It would add commensurately to the National Guard in brisk recruiting, and in turning out efficient soldiers. Prominent officers of the State look with favor upon the project, and if it is "put through" it will be officered and drilled militia. The officers have been selected from prominent drill-masters and disciplinarians of the National Guard, and patterns of uniforms have already been submitted.

The Ninth Regiment, N. G., has a preparatory drill on Tuesday next, under Col. Rezlee for the purpose of fitting out and exercising the men in their duties of inspection, which takes place shortly. This regiment expects to show the largest number of men in the Fire Divisions. It is recruiting fast and progressing rapidly under the new order of things. The men has inaugurated a series of non-commissioned officers' drills which bids fair to be a distinctive feature and is to be commended to other regiments.

Col. Voss and Lieut.-Col. Lockwood, of the Seventy-First Regiment, N. G., tendered the officers of their command a reception on Tuesday evening at Parker's. Toasting, singing and speeches were the happy orders of the evening.

Col. Spencer, of the Fifth Regiment, N. G., entertained the officers of the Second Connecticut, and the field and staff of different regiments of this City on Thursday night, after their visit to the Grand Opera-house.

The Fall inspection of the Guard, it is expected, will show a decrease in the available force of the State, this year being the end of service of a great number who joined immediately after the war. A revision of the Military Code and new militia law must be made before any active recruiting is accomplished. A radical change is needed, as the severity of the present laws, by imprisonment for fines and the long term of service, seems to deter good men from joining. Three years is long enough for militia service, and no more should occur as the expiration of the time. An exaction of fines and dues could be made by a better mode than the present.

Drum-Major Strube of the Twenty-second Regiment, N. G., has a drum corps unequaled in the country, and the unusual excellence of which is the cause. It has often been asked, "Why are not drum corps of this City accompanied by the thrilling fife?" One or two have started the movement, and it is hoped that every regiment will soon be able to march by the good old sound of fife and drum music.

The Seventy-ninth Regiment, N. G., Lieut.-Col. Stetson, has been ordered to appear in full dress for inspection and drill, at the State Arsenal, on Wednesday next. With their new dress this battalion will make a fine appearance.

Wednesday evening take the Williamsburg Cadet Corps, under Capt. Ostrom, a fine and elegant gold medal, at the hands of President Bol. Spitzer, of the Williamsburg Turnverein, as a reward for his bravery exhibited in saving one of the pupils of the New-York Turnverein, on the occasion of the Turn Festival at Jones' Wood recently.

Major Kaeuber's Battalion will parade on Monday for target practice, in spite of the announcement in the almanac that it will rain.

The Zoo Zoos, of Williamsburg, have taken as their Schweizer Guard, under the command of Capt. Hoffman, a picturesque and grand turn-out on Thursday on account of the pleasant weather.

The Thirty-second Regiment, N. G., will assemble in their new "dress uniforms" on Monday, Sept. 30, at 2 P. M., for review by the Commander-in-Chief. The style of the new uniform is very handsome, and the Thirty-Fifth, with a band of cadet gray, gold trimmings, &c., with japanned tall helmet, &c. The "fatigue uniform" is unchanged.

The Second Division, N. G., will parade for review by the Governor on Monday, Sept. 30. Brig.-Gen. Fairchild & Ward will lead, in one Hundred and Thirty-third-street, from Tenth-avenue to Hudson River, to Henry Lane at $18,654 74.

Setting Curb and Gutter Stones.—In Seventy-sixth-street, between Second and Third-avenues, to C. Farley and John Stevens at $237 50. In One Hundred and Ninth-street, from Third-avenue to Harlem River, to C. Farley and James Stewart at $7,819 02; in Forty-second-street, from Third to Madison-avenue, to the same at $4,416 [illegible]

Flagging, &c.—In Forty-seventh-street, from Tenth to Eleventh-avenue, to P. T. McGin at $1,972 79; in same, in Twenty-fourth-street, from First-avenue to Avenue A, to P. Farley at $1,[illegible]

Paving.—In Sixteenth-street, from First to Third-avenue, gto James Ecarrard at $11,812; in Fifty-second-street, from Second-avenue to the East River, to the same at $10,955 50.

Statistics for the Week.

There were 1,810 arrests by the Police last week.

During the past week there were reported 634 deaths, 448 births and 167 marriages, being a decrease of 93 in the deaths compared with those of the preceding week. There were 19 cases of typhoid fever and 1 case of small-pox reported for the week.

Fire-Marshal McSpeden reports 18 fires for the week ending at noon yesterday. The estimated loss

The New York Times.

NEW-YORK, SUNDAY, SEPT. 22, 1872.

REGULAR REPUBLICAN NOMINATIONS.

FOR PRESIDENT.

ULYSSES S. GRANT,

OF ILLINOIS.

FOR VICE-PRESIDENT.

HENRY WILSON,

OF MASSACHUSETTS.

"Gen. Grant never has been defeated, and he never will be."—HORACE GREELEY.

"While deserting the right of every Republican to his unprejudiced choice of a candidate for next President until a nomination is made, I venture to suggest that Gen. Grant will be far better qualified for that momentous trust in 1872 than he was in 1868."—HORACE GREELEY Speech on 5th January, 1871.

The New-York Times.

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THE NEW-YORK TIMES.
New-York City.

There can be no question that the Cities of New-York and Brooklyn bear far more than their due share of the taxation of the State. The table of "equalized" valuation of the real estate of the various counties of New-York State is not so full of gross anomalies as some of its predecessors. There are still enough of them, however, to be noticeable. For example, in Dutchess County we find that the real estate valuation for the present year is set down at $25,997,016. This shows an increase of only $4,757,597 over the valuation of 1858. It is hard to believe that the value of real estate in Dutchess has only increased a little over five per cent. in fourteen years, or that 296,537 acres of the richest agricultural land in the State, with all the farm buildings, and the towns of Poughkeepsie, Fishkill, Rhinebeck, &c., thrown into the bargain, are fairly valued at about $50 an acre. Then there is Erie County, where the real estate valuation of 1858 was $42,949,639, escaping this year at $43,941,836. There is a net increase of only $992,197, a little over one-half of one per cent. in fourteen years. The dwellings in the City of Buffalo alone are worth over thirty millions. Even our near neighbors of Westchester get off cheaply compared with these twin cities. It would be an exceedingly good bargain if anybody could get the 297,837 acres of Westchester County at $137 an acre—the value which has been placed upon them, and all the buildings which they carry, by the State Board. New-York and Brooklyn are down for nearly three-fifths of the entire real property of the State. There is an obvious opening here for a little more equalizing.

We trust that our readers will not lose sight of the details of the examination now being made into the Harlem Court-house swindle. It illustrates very clearly what we may expect if we allow the corrupt retainers of the Ring to regain possession of this City, and some slender idea may be formed from it of the magnitude of the stealings which would attend the admission of Tammany to the control of the National Treasury. Materials and labor which a competent architect valued at $66,336 are found charged to the City at about four times that amount; carrets "made and laid" are represented and duly paid for as having been supplied to a building which had risen only a little above its foundation, and so on. The details of Ring rule have become so familiar that there is some danger of forgetting their moral.

GUSTAVE S. BEDFORD has got into so inveterate a habit of posing before the public that he has contrived to persuade himself that people can't tell the difference between substance and seeming. We would remind the City Judge, who is so painfully anxious to get a renomination, that the puffs of friendly Bohemians will not pass as an equivalent for public opinion, and that the indorsement of "the citizens of the Fourth Ward," in mass-meeting assembled, at No. 137 Chatham-street, is, if anything, a reason for respectable people dropping him. In regard to this and other important judicial nominations to be made this Fall, the Reform element in this City look to the Bar Association for counsel and guidance. There is much in Judge BEDFORD's record which is fully known only to members of the legal profession. A zealous personal friend of Mayor HALL is hardly the man to adorn a Reform ticket, and it ought to be possible to secure a much abler and more trustworthy occupant of man for the responsible position of City Judge.

For weeks past, the New-York *Tribune* has been making a great hullabaloo over a secret hatched by its Chicago namesake about President GRANT having received a present of thirty-one acres of land from J. HUNTER JONES, of Galena. It gave this charge all the prominence that it could, and insisted upon its truth with the most tiresome persistency. And now, having been at length shamed into an abandonment of the slander, it packs away in small type, in an obscure corner of the paper, the following grudging acknowledgment: "We are gratified to endorse that Gen. GRANT appears to be exonerated from any blame in the transaction." This is about course of having studied "journalism" in the school of FENTON.

"The Candidate of Universal Amnesty."

Mr. GREELEY declared at Harrisburg, on Wednesday night, that he was, "above all things, the candidate of universal amnesty." He further volunteered the statement that he came "to be a candidate mainly because of his early utterances" in favor of this policy. "I think they, more than anything else," he says, "created the state of things which made me a candidate."

This is frank, and the country ought to be grateful to Mr. GREELEY for his frankness. We have often pointed out the apparent object of Mr. GREELEY in his extreme and irrational urgency in favor of the amnesty of JEFFERSON DAVIS and the other original plotters of the rebellion. We hardly expected that he would himself acknowledge the relation of cause and effect existing between this urgency and his present candidacy.

The method in which Mr. GREELEY has procured his nomination for the Presidency is, however, a secondary matter. If he can stand an implied confession that his public acts, and his management of a Republican newspaper, have been shaped to elicit his nomination at the hands of his professed political opponents, no one need find fault with him now. But the fact that he narrows down all the issues of the campaign to the single one of the removal or rebation of the measure of disqualification now imposed on the Southern leaders, is a very important one. Nobody is now so ignorant of the law as it stands to give any weight to his absurd rant about "disfranchisement" and "disfranchised and proscribed fellow-citizens." Every one must know, as Mr. GREELEY himself certainly does, that there is no such thing as disfranchisement by Federal enactment in the United States. When Mr. GREELEY declares that he is "above all things the candidate of universal amnesty," he declares that, if elected, he will above all things seek the amnesty of the few men now disqualified from holding office in the South. Those men are not more than two hundred in number. They are exclusively those who, having held positions of peculiar responsibility and trust in the United States Government, having been members of Congress immediately before or at the outbreak of the secession plot, or judicial, military, naval, executive or diplomatic officers of high standing—violated their oaths of office, and took part in the rebellion. Mr. GREELEY declares that if any voter does not desire that these men shall be again admitted to a part in the administration of the Government, that voter has no special reason to give him his support.

Certainly the Republican Party has no cause to avoid this issue. Our party does not believe in the immediate and complete amnesty of these men, and does not think that the country desires or needs it. General amnesty we have granted cordially and seasonably. That act was based on solid grounds, and was sustained by the people. It restored to the South its most experienced and best known public men, as eligible candidates for political trusts. It removed every cause of reasonable complaint that the lately rebellious communities did not enjoy the essential advantages of a free choice in the selection of their political agents. It, moreover, bespoke in unmistakable terms the confidence of the country in the restoration of the Union, and the establishment of equal rights. It was all that could be asked, and all that was asked by reasonable Southerners.

Mr. GREELEY now demands more. The American people will decide whether it is best to grant it. But they will not decide in his favor from any appeals to sentimental considerations, or because they are deceived by the claptrap of "the bloody chasm" and "disfranchisement and proscription." Mr. GREELEY has defined his main pretension in this canvass—the end he seeks "above all things." It now becomes necessary for him and his advocates to give some real reasons why that end should be sought by the American people, either North or South.

Greeley Slanders that Have Been Exposed.

The following slanders, circulated and subscribed to by the New-York *Tribune*, furnish a fair guide to the amount of credence which is due to the assertions of that journal. Every one of them has received the most conclusive and authoritative contradiction:

1. That Gen. GRANT was presented a cottage by THOMAS MURPHY.

2. That Gen. GRANT was corruptly interested in the Black Friday gold conspiracy.

3. That Mr. ANDREW D. WHITE, President of Cornell University, was guilty of packing committees with a corrupt intent, during his Presidency of the Republican State Convention at Syracuse in September, 1871.

4. That Attorney-General BARLOW had entered into a compromise with the Ring thieves.

5. That the President had bought up the New-York *State Zeitung*.

6. That Speaker BLAINE was engaged in bribing the voters of Maine, and that Maine will be richer by "*hundreds of thousands of dollars*" for the late canvass.

7. That the proprietors of the TIMES had entered into an agreement with CONNOLLY and Judge McCUNN (!) for the distribution of Federal offices (!).

8. That the editor of the TIMES had been indicted by the Grand Jury in KILPATRICK'S case.

9. That the arrest of LINDSAY was part of a deep and dark conspiracy on the part of the editors of the TIMES.

10. That Gen. BAKER' brother had been removed from the Custom-house by orders of Gen. GRANT.

11. That HENRY CLEWS was concerned in the negotiation of railroad bonds whose issue was illegal and whose character was fraudulent.

12. That J. RUSSELL JONES, of Galena, made a present of thirty-one acres of land to President GRANT, and got the Belgian Mission in return.

13. That twelve of the most prominent Republicans in the United States Senate and House of Representatives, including Vice-President COLFAX, Senator WILSON and Speaker BLAINE, and, in addition to these, the Secretary of the Treasury, were parties to a colossal piece of bribery intended for the benefit of the Credit Mobilier of the Union Pacific Railroad.

Add to the above the epithets which have been applied to the following gentlemen in the *Tribune* within a month or two:

GERRIT SMITH—A "humbug."

WM. LLOYD GARRISON—An "abusive old Radical."

Speaker BLAINE—A "pertinacious young man."

Gen. DIX—A "mercenary old man."

ANDREW D. WHITE—A "tool of the Custom-house."

Judge SETTER—A "minion of power."

R. H. DANA, JR.—A "jackdaw."

Senator WILSON, "a paltry creature."

We drop Mr. WILSON. No one can mistake him for an honorable man.

Remember that this is the same journal which tried to prove that Mayor HALL was an honest public servant; which praised SWEENY for his "towering spirit;" which declared that there was "no proof" that the Tammany Ring had stolen any money; which defended MILLER; and which attempted to whitewash Ex-Senator DOOLITTLE by dismissing his trading on his Senatorial patronage, and his contemptible and studied duplicity, as "an error of judgment, and an error of taste." Also, remember that it is the organ of a candidate who has been confronted with indubitable proofs of being in league with TWEED, CARDOZO and GRATZ MAYMAN, to defraud his partners in a tobacco concern, and who has been able to produce neither explanation nor defense. Then let anybody decide whether such a reckless libeler as this may not be safely allowed to go unanswered?

"Joss."

What with lunatic asylums, burglar's cribs, filthy prisons, and the Mountains of the Moon, the range and scope of the modern newspaper reporter are becoming absolutely unlimited. Therefore, we are not surprised to hear that in San Francisco, the other day, an enterprising gentleman of this ilk penetrated the inner mysteries of a Chinese temple of worship, and has now made known to the world the marvelous sights and sounds he discovered there. In brief, he has unveiled "Joss;" and the mists of awful doubt that have enshrouded him, the tales of weird miracles, and the malefic capacity for harm imputed to the celestial deity by his yellow worshipers, are all, at a stroke, cleared up and made plain. The "red devils," as Anglo-Saxons are graciously termed by the children of "Joss," have been a good deal mystified in past times by the miracles and other wonders said to be performed by that god; and it is satisfactory to find that his pretensions have been thoroughly exploded and the method of his thaumaturgical achievements laid bare. A great many little children might have been frightened in coming years by the dark repute and horrid power of "Joss," whereas now he will strike no more terror than any well-conducted "Jack-in-the-box," or the engaging fiend who officiates in the entertainments of "Punch and Judy."

It seems that for some time an unearthly din had been kept up at night in a certain back street in San Francisco, and, supposing it to be connected with some heathenish rite, our enterprising reporter resolved to find out the meaning of it. He first suborned a converted Chinaman—but one who still looked with considerable respect on "Joss"—to pilot him, and then the two attired alike in Chinese dress, contrived to make their way into the building and ultimately to the altar. This was at night and while the adoration of "Joss" was proceeding with great vigor. The interior of the god's abode was fitted up with the utmost splendor. Costly chandeliers, luxurious carpets, and stained glass of the priceless sort which it is said cannot now be made, were there in profusion. On reaching the central temple "Joss" was observed standing on a pedestal and regarding his devotees with a sarcastic smile. He is described by the reporter as "a strange-looking figure with one hand clenched, *a la* JIM MACK, and the other extended after the manner of Macbeth grasping at the airy dagger." On approaching him the reporter's companion, in spite of his professions of conversion prostrated himself in mingled terror and adoration; and, to avoid causing remark, the other fell on his face likewise. In this attitude the Chinaman apprehensively explained: "This is Ah Voo—the same as Jesus Christ—son of the China God. He is angry with them. They are praying to have him come back. See! He looks angry!" This explanation was made while the two were surrounded by zealous worshipers; but it was rendered easy by the terrific din which was kept up by a band of unseen musicians, and which only those who have heard a Chinese orchestra can realize.

After awhile "Joss" seems to have sat down to rest himself, and it was given out that at 8 o'clock precisely it was his intention to "go up"—to "levitate" after the manner of Mr. HOME, or, rather, an improvement on that manner, since, like *Brahma* in "La Bayadere," "Joss" was to keep on until he should get to Paradise. As an incident of this agreeable journey, it was mentioned that he would take along all the valuables in the shape of money, jewels and the like which his admirers might in the meantime bestow. On this hint the faithful became very liberal, and the lap of "Joss" was soon overrunning with the articles desired. All this time incense was burning, the orchestra was thumping, and the elect were occasionally emitting howls of religious rapture. As the hour for the miraculous ascension drew near, priests and people, however, were "hushed and bowed down." The reporter bowed himself as humbly as the most devoted, but "kept one eye open." At the appointed time "Joss" went up, very much, indeed, and all, alas, out of sight. But the reporter, filled with the noble rage of his profession, and regardless of consequences, went up after him. In other words, he contrived to make his way up a ladder, and so behind the scenes, or "cloud borders," which draped the upper part of the temple. Here, bursting into a secluded recess, he suddenly came upon "Joss" again. The deity was in the act of being put away for future exhibitions, while the priests and other gentry, who constituted the "ring" were calmly dividing the money. With some difficulty, but a whole skin, the daring intruder succeeded in getting out of the building, and in living to write the story of his adventure. How long he may so live is regarded by the articles countrymen of CONFUCIUS as a doubtful question; since, in their view, the power of "Joss" is certain to be, sooner or later, exerted, possibly to the fatal discomfiture of his mortifier. In any case, he will have had the proud satisfaction of exposing what has been a mammoth imposture, and, even should he meet the fate of him who revealed the Eleusinian Mysteries, he may be consoled by the reflection that the glory of "Joss" has departed and the profits of his swindling priests are likely henceforth to be materially curtailed.

Defective Railroads.

With the exception of the barn-door hen, whose delightful credulity we all appreciate, it may be questioned whether this earth produces a creature more simply credulous than the British share-holder. From the time when GEORGE STEPHENSON'S engine killed Mr. HUSKISSON, on its trial trip, to the present hour, railroad schemes have proved a snare and a delusion, stocks have been watered—in the shape of "preference" shares, and the ten per cent. so faithfully promised has proved to be the unit of those figures minus the ten. But still, whenever a new enterprise has been brought forward, the cry has been, as regards the accommodating idiots eager to rush into the same, "They come."

About three years ago some thousands of excellent and innocent people were reduced to the verge of ruin by the playful vagaries of the London, Chatham and Dover Road. It is true that all of those connected with the enterprise did not come to grief. Indeed the Secretary, the brokers, and other officers made what RAWDON CRAWLEY would have called "a dooced good thing" out of it; and the first-named gentleman exerted himself strenuously on the strength thereof to give the Legislature the benefit of his remarkable cleverness as an M. P. But as we have said, the common herd, the half-pay Captains, maiden aunts, *et id genus omne*, found themselves reduced to half-rations, and their feelings were scarcely soothed when their brothers and sisters exclaimed: "Oh dear, what a pity! You should have put into the Metropolitan; they were getting ten per cent!" And very delightful that high rate of interest was while it lasted, but unhappily, like that charming period spoken of by the heroine of MOORE'S most famous poem:

"Twas bright, 'twas heavenly, but 'tis past."

The London Chathams and Metropolitans have now met on the common ground of agonizing regret that they ever had anything to do with locomotive enterprise. A meeting of the share-holders in the last-mentioned very famous undertaking has just been held, and even to a share-holder accustomed to the statements of the Grand Trunk, Canada—whose traffic, though by report ever increasing, never seems to bring additional profit to the unhappy holders, the "original share-holder"—it must be admitted that the report savors of depressing influences. It was proposed that, considering the inextricable confusion in which the accounts are still plunged, and the impossibility of determining whether upon the earnings of the past half-year *even one* per cent. could be legitimately divided, *no dividend at all* would now be declared.

Some inquisitive person had the audacity then to inquire how it came about that, if the concern is barely able to pay one per cent. now, it was able to pay seven per cent. four or five years ago? The Chairman's answer was as candid as poetical; it had been living on the subject of CAMPBELL'S muse, "The Pleasures of Hope." Unfortunately, he was unable to add any assurance that hope's tale of joy would soon be realized in the shape of dividends.

Such is the collapse of a great and unique undertaking, one which has served as a model for us to imitate. It will be well for those who favor a "quick transit" scheme, in the shape of a tunnel railway, to "mark, learn, and inwardly digest" the causes of trouble in the wonderful line which runs from Paddington to Finsbury, and has been justly regarded as one of the wonders of the nineteenth century. As Mr. Simpkinson's grandmother so truly said:

"Be warned in time by other's harm,
And you shall do full well."

The Personalities of the Campaign.

It would be easy to show, if it were worth while, that the personalities which could rightly give offense to any just-minded man have been confined to the Greeley organs and orators. To do that it would only be necessary to recall to any one familiar with the canvass the names of DANA, the New-York *World*, the *Tribune*, and KILPATRICK, Confederate Col. FELLOWS, the cowardly apologist of TWEED, the Chicago *Tribune*, and the new and hypocritical but scathing libeler, Mr. SANUM. BOWLES. Those who care to go back of these may remember the famous preamble of CHARLES SUMNER'S resolutions on the sale of arms, which he was obliged, in very shame, to withdraw—the acrid speeches of CARL SCHURZ, and the cloaked but venomous assaults of FENTON, with which the country was wearied during the last session of the United States Senate.

On the part of the Greeley party, this campaign is necessarily of a personal character. What can they point to in their professions, much less in their real purposes, to justify a superior claim on the confidence of the American people? They set out with the avowal that they seek substantially the same ends as the Republican Party. They are compelled to show that they and their candidates are better fitted to carry out those ends than the Republican Party and its candidates. They cannot do it by any citation of their own record. Every line of it leads to an opposite conclusion. What have they left, then, but to break down the character of their opponents? Even this they cannot do honestly. The facts are all against them. They have to resort to inventions, slanders, innuendoes and insinuations.

If the Greeley party were to confine themselves to discussing the real issues of the campaign, what could they show? Both parties profess to desire a complete establishment of the principle of equal rights in the South. The Republicans propose to secure it by a continuance of the safe, honorable, and wise policy of enforcement of those rights by the National Government where the State and local authorities are unable or unwilling to enforce them. That policy has the merit of respecting every legitimate function of the State Governments, and holding entirely aloof from them until imperative necessity and the solemn constitutional obligations of the nation call for intervention. What do the mongrel Greeley party propose instead? Nothing less than the permanent surrender of the Southern State Governments to the class opposed to equal rights, and the explicit abandonment of the right, power, and duty of the National Government to intervene under any provocation or any necessity. Is it strange that they dare not present this doctrine plainly to the American people, who would instantly see the point it involves to the principles they are firmly resolved to sustain? Ask any Democrat or Liberal Republican what Mr. GREELEY'S administration, backed by a friendly Congress, would do in the matter of the law for the enforcement of equal rights, in case of success, and you will get no answer. We have tried it over and over again in these columns. We have put the question and repeated it to Mr. GREELEY'S organs, of all shades, and we have put it in vain. Instead of a frank answer, they fling back some exploded falsehood about Gen. GRANT'S cottages at Long Branch, or HENRY WILSON'S speeches twenty years ago, or the tantrums of Consul BUTLER in the Orient.

On the other issues they are no better off. If they were to attempt to present any tangible reason why GREELEY rather than GRANT should be intrusted with civil service reform, or the administration of the finances, or the adjustment of the question of amnesty, the result would be simply ridiculous. What can they do but fall back on their pitiful budget of mean libels, and go on offering these to the public undeterred by scruples of conscience, unchecked by exposure?

But these men very gravely mistake the character of our people if they think this method can win a political victory. The very pertinacity and fierceness of this shower of slanders weary the popular mind, and it turns for relief to the contemplation of those general facts in the history and position of the two parties which can be grasped and weighed. What the result is when the people do this was shown in North Carolina, Vermont and Maine. It is a more emphatic reassertion of undiminished confidence in the Republican Party. Whether or not the Greeleyites will discuss the real issues, the people will consider them, and decide on them. In the meantime the unceasing storm of calumny must be borne with such patience as can be mustered. It will die out suddenly in November.

A Romantic Case.

Something has just happened in Maine that recalls several well-known poems and romances, and with them a story in real life that transpired a generation ago. Gov. PERHAM, by and with the advice of his Executive Council, has pardoned a man named THORN, who has been an inmate of the State Prison at Thomaston for twenty-nine years. The Wardens of the prison have repeatedly pleaded for THORN to Gov. PERHAM and his predecessors. They represented that the man's behavior was most exemplary; that the circumstances under which he committed the crime for which he was condemned were exceptional and trying; and that he had given long and sincere evidence of repentance. Only, however, after an imprisonment exceeding by five years his whole previous life, have his prison doors been flung open and he THORN walked forth a free man.

Thirty years ago THOMAS THORN was a jovial young sailor, roaming about the coasts of Maine, he met and fell desperately in love with a young girl named LOIS ALEXANDER. This was at a village called Harpswell, and here the two became betrothed. THOMAS and LOIS agreed that he should make one long voyage, and on his return that they should marry. He sailed, and time rolled on until the period fixed for his return was long past. The girl was either persuaded of his death or otherwise beguiled; at any rate, when THORN came back, which he did a year later, he found his affianced the wife of an elderly, well-to-do man, named WILSON. By one of those fatalities that so often occur in life, THORN became a resident under WILSON'S roof. A close intimacy sprang up once more between LOIS and THOMAS—and report said that it was criminal. On the morning of Sunday, Feb. 8, 1842, WILSON was found dead in his bed. His skull was broken, and investigation showed that the deed had been committed with a pair of tongs. Attendant circumstances connected THORN with the murder and pointed to LOIS WILSON as accessory. Both were tried; and he was found guilty and she was acquitted. Hon. WM. P. FESSENDEN and FRANCIS O. J. SMITH being assigned by Government for his defense, made a hard fight to save THORN, but in vain; and the end we have recorded. He was first condemned to death; but the punishment was commuted to imprisonment for life; and now, at the age of fifty-four, he has received a pardon.

When first put in jail THORN could neither read nor write; and he is now said to be a tolerably well-educated man. Some of his letters to the Governor, reciting his early career, the bitter provocation he had received, and praying to be released, are said to be exceedingly well written. To pass a generation in confinement, to be thus immured during those years commonly reckoned the best of a man's life, is certainly a terrible punishment; and under the circumstances few will say that THORN'S case was not a fitting one for the exercise of Executive clemency.

Pity a Poor Organ.

The TRIBUNE keeps whining over its waning circulation. It has also a pitiful complaint to make about the management of the Post-office. It expends a good deal of virtuous indignation over "the unlawful distribution of electioneering pamphlets and hand-bills." This for example:

PENNSYLVANIA
LIBERAL REPUBLICAN STATE CENTRAL COMMITTEE,
No. 906 Walnut-street, Philadelphia.
A. K. McCLURE, Chairman; ROBERT MORRIS, E. H. RAWSON, C. W. McKEEHAN, } Committee.

DEAR SIR: We send you, postage paid, a weekly copy of the New-York *Tribune* for your information, and shall continue to do so until Nov. 1.

If you do not receive it regularly, be prompt in notifying me of any neglect of the Post-office employes, and we will try and correct.

After carefully reading your copy, it would be well for you to place it in the hands of some other Republican who is inclined to think as you do in the pending Presidential and State contest.

A. K. McCLURE.

These have been sent out by the bushel, throughout Pennsylvania, under the frank of SAMUEL J. RANDALL, Chairman of the Democratic Central Committee. Clearly, "a conspiracy to swindle the Government." But what of that? The Postmaster of New-York had absolutely the audacity to return a few cart-loads of *Weekly Tribunes* which bore the frank of Congressman ROOSEVELT, and which, in addition to the mass of heavy matter they contained, included also copies of a tradesman's circular. The postal laws could not be stretched sufficiently to admit of the passage of the double evangel of Greeleyism and of trade. Hence the piles of said *Tribunes* which litter the lumber closets of the Astor House. Hence, also, these tears.

But the organ says that its packages are feloniously broken open to admit of the insertion of copies of the NEW-YORK TIMES. This is simply untrue. More than this, the story is ludicrous. Whales, we believe, stand convicted of swallowing a tolerably large shoal of herrings. We never heard it pretended by the most imaginative of naturalists, that the herring could make much progress in swallowing the whale. A package of *Tribunes*, in these days, has shrunk to the dimensions of the small fish. The big one represents—what our readers can easily supply.

Still the organ has another complaint. The names of *Tribune* subscribers have been obtained, and some zealous friend has furnished them with copies of the TIMES. This we regard in the light of a missionary effort. A number of good people have been very badly "sold" by the proprietors of the *Tribune*. They agreed to furnish a sound Republican paper, pledged to the support of the Republican candidate for the Presidency. They are furnishing instead, a rabid Democratic sheet, which is the private organ of one of the Democratic candidates for the Presidency. Instead of the sound Republican food which they contracted for in advance, the unfortunate *Tribune* subscribers are being supplied with rank Democratic poison. And so it has occurred to some considerate souls that these swindled readers ought to have the proper antidote. Hence the healing messengers in the shape of copies of the TIMES.

We have published some selections from many hundreds of letters, which we have received from disgusted subscribers of the *Tribune*, who have stopped that paper. We have given figures—which any one can readily verify—obtained from some forty of the principal news-stands in different sections of the City, showing that the TIMES is sold in the proportion of more than two to one, as compared with the *Tribune*. Under these circumstances, the lament of the organ is intelligible, and carries with it a very obvious moral.

Another Albany Democrat for Grant.

The Albany *Express* publishes a card from Mr. Stephen McKnight, for twenty-one years past an active and influential Democrat in that city, wherein he says: "The issues of the coming election have received careful attention from me. The Cincinnati Convention and its fruits do not suit my taste politically. It was in no sense Democratic, or even Republican, but a side-show, having no consistency, as the Vermont and Maine elections prove. It was not even a nominating body, and when Democrats began to express their sentiments I was plain in my statement that I would not vote for its nominees, and if the Democratic Convention adopted them I would vote for Gen. Grant, as by far the best one to be supported by a Democrat who speaks candidly. To my judgment he was too Democratic for the gentlemen who got up the Cincinnati Convention. He appointed men to office from the people and not from political Rings. I look with pride upon the financial exhibit of the General Government for the past four years. I look upon the financial exhibit of the Democratic Cities of New-York, Brooklyn and Albany with disgust. The Democratic State ticket has Hon. Francis Kernan for Governor, whom I highly respect, and who should receive the support of all Democrats who support the fusion ticket. The Republican State ticket has Hon. John A. Dix for Governor—a Democratic statesman and patriot, who, having proven himself a reformer in the party I have left, I shall support for Governor."

Greeley Traction in New-Hampshire.

The Greeley managers in New-Hampshire are trying to discover somewhere a few companions for themselves in their intellect. One of them recently wrote from Concord to a supposed sympathizer as follows: "Can you get Greeley Republicans enough in Chichester to form a club, three will do to start with—President, Vice-President and Secretary. This can be done at a private house. Send the list of officers to me and a dance will be given in the papers." The demand was not very extravagant, but the gentleman in Chichester responded that he knew of only one Greeleyite there, and being a Grant man himself he felt a little diffident about expecting to be able to bear alone the entire responsibility of President, Vice-President and Secretary, even though he might secure him that his name should be printed in the papers.

Recent Nominations.

Mr. John F. Crawford is the Republican nominee for Assembly in the Second District of Montgomery County....In the Second District of Ontario the Greeleyites have nominated Henry W. Hamlin for Assembly....The Democrats of the First District of Georgia have nominated Hon. Morgan Rawlor for member of Congress. He is now a member of the Lower House of the Legislature of that State. There were twelve candidates before the Convention, and on each of the thirty-ninth ballot was a choice effected.

SUMMARY OF AMUSEMENTS.

Drama of the Week.

OUR THEATRES.

The fresh work done in concert-rooms and theatres during the past week has already been so fully commented upon in our columns as to leave little to say at the close. It is, however, timely and pertinent to observe that the attempt to regenerate the Union-square Theatre, and to make of it a resort for elegant comedy, not in forte to other leading Metropolitan playhouses has resulted, so far as a very creditable share of success. "Agnes," the new play, written by M. Sardou for Miss Rose, is certainly a much better piece than either "Diplomacy" or "Diamonds," and although for some reasons we are sorry for this, it is certainly to the health and advantage of the Union-square management. We have taken occasion once or twice to express regret that it should have been thought expedient to go to a foreign author for a new comedy of society when the material is so rich at the spot, and its adequate treatment is so very desirable. What is said above in regards comparative merit is, of course, one reply to this. For taught we know, too, Miss Rose may have tried to get an American play from an American author and have failed in so doing. In other case the situation is one to inspire no little mortification. It is not pleasant to have to admit that with a growing and varied society, abundant wealth, and the love of the theatre unsurpassed any where, we should have to send abroad to get from a foreigner a comedy of manners because nobody either can or will write such a thing on our own soil. We must admit in courtesy and in candor that Miss Rose has shown courage and enterprise in her venture, and that she does her share in illustrating its fruit with rare tenderness, delicacy and feeling. If, however, her success continues to be what it now is, and what she deserves, we hope she will try next time to get herself a drama of American life, written by an American pen....Mr. and Mrs. Boucicault, being really here at last, will positively begin their engagement at Booth's Theatre to-morrow night, in "Arrah-na-Pogue." Miss Geraldine Stuart and Mr. C. Alexander will likewise appear, for the first time in the United States, in the same melodrama. For Monday, the 30th, a new piece, by Mr. Boucicault, called "Night and Morning," is promised. In this the author will play the chief part, supported by Miss Kate Newton. Mr. James Wallack finished his engagement yesterday at Booth's. It is one in which this excellent actor has gained new laurels, and left an abiding impression.... "Diamonds" continues to hold the stage at the Fifth-avenue Theatre. It is, however, understood that it will soon give place to Mr. Bret Harte's dramatic essay, which, as the first attempt of that gentleman in a new field, is looked for with great interest. In Mr. Harte's play some others of Mr. Daly's strong company will be seen, including, we believe, a new *debutante*. It must certainly be owned in Mr. Daly's behalf that he shows unusual liberality in making openings for young and ambitious beginners. This is, to some extent, the duty of an ideal manager, but it is seldom the act of a practical one....."Kenilworth" was represented last evening at Wallack's Theatre. We are prevented, at present, from referring in detail to the performance, in which, of course, Miss Lydia Thompson, Mr. Beckett and the familiar artists associated with them took part. The stay of Miss Thompson and her company in this City closes with the week.

THE CONCERT-ROOM AND OPERA.

The three Patti-Mario concerts, given respectively at Steinway Hall, on Monday, Tuesday, and Friday evenings, were dealt with at length on the morrow of each entertainment. Yesterday's matinee performance was largely and fashionably attended, and the interpretation of the programme, which consisted mainly of selections from the bills already offered, delighted the audience. Mr. Strakosch's company, which is distinguished by its comprehensiveness, will be further strengthened in a few days by the long-awaited arrival of Signor Del Puente, a baritone engaged some time ago. With artists such as Miss Carlotta Patti, a brilliant songstress quite unsurpassed in quality of voice or excellence of mechanism; Signor Mario, a master of style; Mlle. Cary, a contralto than whose notes and method nothing better could be desired; M. Sauret, an admirable violinist; Mlle. Carreño, a very beautiful and proportionally impressive pianist, and the new baritone, the manager will have a light task in pleasing his audience. To-morrow, the company will be heard at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, and Tuesday their efforts may once more be appreciated at Steinway Hall. They will appear in Hartford on Thursday, and in Boston on Saturday next....The first of the Rubinstein concerts is to take place at Steinway Hall to-morrow evening. Of the artistic worth of the entertainment which the leading members of Mr. Grau's company will offer, we can already speak with assurance. Finer piano-playing than Mr. Rubinstein's will never be heard, even should Liszt visit the United States; and violin-performances more conspicuous for beauty of tone and specimens of style than Mr. Wieniawski's will never be enjoyed. Four Rubinstein concerts are now announced, the three subsequent to the debut of the performers occurring respectively on Wednesday and on Friday evenings, and on Saturday afternoon....As we have already mentioned, the season of Italian opera will be commenced on to-morrow week. "L'Africaine" has been selected for earliest recital; on the following Wednesday, "Faust" will be sung. The characters in the opera first named will be intrusted to Mme. Pauline Lucca and Mme. Leviselli, to Signori Abramoglo and Moriami, and to M. J. Jamet. In "Faust," we presume, the quartet will include Mme. Lucca, Señorita Sanz, Signor Vizzani and M. Jamet. We note that the box-office of the Academy of Music will remain open Monday and Tuesday for subscriptions. The sale of seats for single nights will begin on Thursday next.

Home Notes.

Mme. Pauline Lucca, in spite of almost continuous rehearsals, found time to visit Gurney's on Friday, and to sit for a life-size panel, intended as match those of Misses Kellogg and Nilsson and Mme. Parepa....Mr. Linnard and his company acted last week in Chelsea....The Boston *Traveller*, of Friday, says: "Mrs. Arnold W. Taylor, whose name was associated with that of the late Walter Montgomery, the tragedian, appeared in the United States District Court this morning. She was neatly dressed in black. Her business, through counsel, was to apply for the privilege of dower in the estate of her husband, but when it was manifest that Mr. Taylor was not dead, but had gone into bankruptcy, Judge Lowell refused to entertain the motion. A right of dower does not exist until after death, and there can be no reservation from the creditors of a bankrupt estate."....Mrs. H. B. Stowe gave a reading in Salem on Tuesday....Miss Combe acted last week in Toledo and in Detroit....Mme. Fabbri and her associates are singing in opera at Maguire's Opera-house in San Francisco....Mr. Myron Adams plays this week in Milwaukee....Mrs. F. S. Chanfrau performs in Baltimore this week....Friday and yesterday, Mr. Edwin Booth acted in Worcester....."The Belle" has been given at the Boston Globe, with Mr. W. E. Sheridan as Mashin....Mr. F. S. Chanfrau acts at the Boston Theatre this week....The Washington National Theatre is being redecorated....Mr. Pothers acted in "Home" at the Walnut street Theatre, in Philadelphia, last week....Mrs. J. A. Oates was last week in Cleveland....Mr. C. W. Couldock was at Da Bar's Opera House, in St. Louis....Mlle. Morlacchi filled successfully "a speaking character," that of Sassywide, in a dramatization of Hugo's novel, at the Louisville Opera-house, last week....E. Canonge has engaged for the French Theatre, in New-Orleans, MM. Artelt, Dupton, Milan, Loeclers and Gillet, and Mme. Ariste, and at last accounts was negotiating for the services of M. Paul Olivea and Mlle. Dewinter....Mr. Ole Bull will, this Winter, travel through the South....Mrs. D. P. Bowers sojourned last week at the Academy of Music, in Chicago....Mr. Lawrence

Philadelphia Chestnut-street Theatre has been reopened for the season with "Morrison."... Mr. Gilmore announces a concert and ball for his benefit. They will take place respectively, on the afternoon and evening of Oct. 7.... Mr. John R. Ford writes to the Editors of the Baltimore Sun that "Old Glory" will be produced at Ford's on Sept. 23. It is about the song of the Star-spangled Banner, and I only regret the omission of one or two important characters from the piece. At an encampment on Gallows Hill, near the Night Farm, on Saturday, July 27, after the battle of North Point.... Early when the dread of another attack was imminent, there were two young actors named Durang, who, with their father and mother, belonged to the dramatic company of the first Holliday-street theatre, (and who were alike clever in their profession,) a manager named Thomas, and E. Kay (a navy national song and ballad). Thomas (fortunately) applied himself to shape it in measure. During the day it discovered a suitable air to a favorite air composed by Anacreon in Heaven. It was played by young and old, and sung by Kay (a delightful baritone) with great effect. With his brother Charlie, Kay, (he has also the same in say," house at Holliday-street Theatre, and as the papers then were wretchedly dedare, with the most unbounded enthusiasm, Kay's song of the Star-spangled Banner, which, by the way, claims that the air is his own, and that he composed the melody to the music and patriotism of an notes, that is, he added five by adding "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay" to any single or double notes. Tayleure, Baltimore, Jy. Ford, and Charlie Durang, Mr. and Mrs. Durang were from Lancaster, Pa. Mr. Durang, Sr., and his two eldest daughters were employed nightly at this theatre in the same company with the elder Jefferson, and, strange to say, played in 1810 with Master Payne, (John Howard,) who afterward wrote "Home, Sweet Home."

Signor Carlo Bosoni, who accompanied Miss Nilsson during her Boston tour as conductor, has been engaged by Signor Morelli as leader of the orchestra of the Imperial Opera-house in St. Petersburg. The newspapers of Milan—in which city Signor Bosoni passed the Summer—are filled with congratulatory mentions of the fact, the talent and experience of the maestro making him, in the opinion of all, most worthy of the position, the most important in Europe.... On Aug. 26, Miss Rose Evans gave her farewell performance in Honolulu.... The latest news from Melbourne, in Australia, is to the following effect: "Two new theatres are in course of erection, and will be finished in a day or two. Mr. Coppin will reopen the Theatre Royal with a new company, and Mr. Hoyt, the proprietor of the Prince of Wales, has leased that theatre to M. M. Bailey, who will open early in August with Mrs. Mary Gladstone in the leading lady. The comedy of 'School' has been played five consecutive weeks, without the attendance showing any signs of falling off. Mr. Fyster still occupies the Princess. The opera season of this theatre will, however, soon close, when a dramatic season will be commenced under the management of Stuart O'Brien and Mr. Holmes. Mrs. Eloise June has been welcomed as Madge Kirby. The Carradinis are in Adelaide singing to crowded houses. John Dunn is playing at St. George's Hall. The astonishing theatrical season promises to be one of the most attractive ever yet witnessed in this city.".... A reference to the presence in Italy of Miss Violetta Colville, a young American lady, gifted with a splendid voice, and to the studies of Miss Colville, has already appeared in these columns. After receiving lessons from Wartel, Rothing and Sant Giovanni, it was decided that it would be "quite the thing" to make a debut in Italy. Accordingly application was made to the director of the Royal Opera-house, Naples, and Miss Colville was selected as the place and on Aug. 24, Miss Colville sang Adina in "L'Elisire." The effect was completely successful in those words forth by the discerning at Gaul. "The triumph of Miss Colville was complete. Her success was unknown beyond the Alps would say of and it was such as few beginners in this art can boast of having equaled, the possession of a harmonious, pure and sympathetic voice; make will her soul, and with an expressive face. To see her sing is a treat in extreme youth. To see her sing with the small ease and grace, your admiration is excited to the utmost, and you involuntarily ask yourself if this is only a young beginner whom you have come to encourage, or a tried and approved artist to whom your homage is due. It is needless to add that the young lady has made a decided impression in Italy. In the arts of the first act, and in the duet with the tenor, "Per Amarti di tal guazza," she gained the first applause and ovation from the public, which increased in intensity until it became a real fanatical ovation, in the duet with Dulcamara, "Una tedera occhiamina," which brought an encore in a perfect tempest of applause. The effect produced upon the audience by this melodious and clearly pronounced voice so perfectly pure in its intonation, and relaxing its intensity from the beginning to the end of the opera, in spite of all fatigue—was immense and indescribable; and, if we are not mistaken, this young artist is destined to a most brilliant career, and to become one of the brightest stars of the Italian School of music.".... The Princess Theatre in London, was to commence its regular Winter season with Shakespeare's play of "Antony and Cleopatra," in which Miss Glyn and Mr. Creswick will appear.... Mr. John S. Clarke has purchased the long lease of the Charing-cross Theatre of Messrs. Beverley and Emden. Extensive alterations will be commenced immediately. A series of revivals of the old comedies by Colman, Morton, and O'Keefe, &c., may be looked for.... An adaptation of Poussard's play of "Le Lion Amoureux," done in blank verse by Mr. Herman C. Merivale, has been played at the Crystal Palace Theatre, in London. Some changes have been made in the cast of "King Cazon," as represented at the London Alhambra. The London Sun says, concerning the new distribution of parts: "The most important change of all is that of Miss Kate Santley, now presiding at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, as Mlle. d'Anka. Miss Kate Santley has hitherto won a large circle of admirers by her fascinating qualities, and they will certainly not diminish after witnessing her performance in 'Le Roi Carotte.' Miss Kate Santley's vocal capabilities are well known, but they have proved, by evidence her with the spirit and grace she infuses into the character of the Princess. Suffice it to say, that the entire personation merits and obtains the heartiest approval. In several instances Miss Kate Santley was encored with great enthusiasm, and rightly so, the compliment upon her success throughout."

MR. BYRON'S NEW PLAY.

The London Daily News sends us follows with Mr. Byron's new play, just represented at the Gaiety: Mr. H. J. Byron's new domestic drama, "Good News," successfully produced here on Saturday evening, differs from the ordinary run of new productions, inasmuch as it is not brought forward with the intention of being perfected any length of time, even although its success guarantees such a course. The management of this admirably-conducted house seeks to amass a general and comprehensive repertory, as in the case of the opera-houses, and to replenish from time to time those pieces which public opinion declares the most attractive. As the home of Mr. Toole is for the greater portion of the year at the Gaiety, it is believed the management to provide for this excellent artist and unrivaled favorite a variety of plays in which to test exhibit his great versatility; and as Mr. Toole has of late taken a fancy to serious parts, and the public have taken a fancy to Mr. Toole in these parts, Mr. H. J. Byron has been engaged to fit him with the character. This the dramatist has achieved admirably, although the plot of the unpretending drama which he calls "Good News" is as familiar in our ears as household words. Mr. Byron assumes the mantle, as which is rather pleasant, raised suddenly to fortune, loses all the better instincts of his nature, in his vain efforts to become a gentleman. The money brings but misery, and his happiness only returns when the fortune, so unexpectedly gained, is snatched from him and passes away from him. This story we have seen depicted in a dozen ways; still, if Mr. Byron takes a line from one of Shakespeare's sonnets, 'So all my best is dressing old thoughts new,' we can do him credit for the ability with which it is managed. Mr. Toole, the success achieved by the play Mr. Byron's general conception of Mr. Toole's instincts, but the greater portion is due to Mr. Toole's performance. The contrast between the humble shop-boy, bonnet and hearty, and the oddity inflicted and when he has made his fortune, is most artistically depicted. The moments of the man in the society he is so nearly until for—his crinoline demeanor to a title, and his overpowering manners to his subordinates—are drawn with a masterly and easily described. His aristocratic friends are, of course, the silken or they speak not without Mr. Toole's power; he gets fleered right and left, and at every step is shown only too plainly as he has after detection as is held, until his vanity is so far broken that he finds out the poor humble girl he had left breaking her heart for him. Here he is treated with moderation by all his quondam friends, and the pentent is well-nigh broken-hearted. Then comes another blow—his elder brother has turned up, and the money goes to him. The wronged girl, however, takes compassion on him, and offers him her hand, and he is left to the fairly-rising actress, it is supposed, that the couple will get on very well. The only thing we positively object to in the play—which from our brief remarks will be seen to possess abundant scope for Mr. Toole's individual peculiarities, the conventional big whom, the play being coded, the principal character scope to the front to exclaim, 'And if our true friends in front,' &c. It would be so much better, so much more artistic, to drop the curtain upon the concluding episode of the play—there would be a distinct gain, or we have read in art. The other characters are slightly drawn, but are all supported in a manner worthy of the highest praise.

While most of the residents of the City are familiar with the usual price for Gin, yet [illegible] are very few who openly acknowledge the slightest acquaintance with the fact of old merchants who daily ply their wooden ware in every street, avenue and [illegible]. That the class of dealers have with due concentricity and proportionate success in this direction is apparent to any observer who may frequent the avenues of the east and west sides of the City, or traverse the densely-populated streets of the First, First, Sixth and Fourteenth Wards. Here, lounging the dingy windows and flapping over the side-walks in the faces of pedestrians, are the cast-off garments of either sex. While stationed in or near the door a woman of usually forbidding countenance, scarcely waiting for the faintest indication of tendency in the casual passer-by, and perfectly ignorant (as to why) she is, that she has already done good service prior to attaching the thieves and dummies of the second-hand clothing-store.

Where all the garments are obtained would seem a mystery to the uninitiated, the lady of that elegant brown-stone front across the way there could solve the riddle if she didn't feel that she had compromised her dignity by bidding Bridget let the old clo' woman in at the area gate the other morning; a bidding that Biddy executed with a bad grace, too, for she fully expected that old claret mantle and that brown empress-cloth to do duty for herself all the Winter. But, instead, her mistress has absolutely sold them both along with that "beautiful" gray coat of her husband's, that poor Biddy had been relying Terry she "felt sure the master'd save her for running up and down stairs so often wit the tailor's bill last year." But, alas! Biddy's hopes were built on a poor foundation when they rested on nothing better than cast-off clothes; but, with a toss of the head, and a disdainful air, she tells Terry she "wouldn't a wore the like any how, but then it 'ad been bin little enough to a given us the return in 'em any way," and the tyrant thereupon resolves how much the Old Clo' paid for her bargain. While Ole Clo' is so chary of making known the marketable value in them as the bulls of bears of Wall-street are in disclosing their little schemes of speculation to one another.

In many instances, both male and female patronize the old clothes merchants, whose advent is as regular as the return of the Summer wanderers by mountain, vale and sea, and who is always sure of a variety, for Celeste would no more deck her dainty figure in these old muslins than Miss Sophia Sark would appear on the fashionable promenade in those poke bonnets and cambrics that cost a small fortune last Spring; so when Celeste is happily disposed of, Miss Ernest makes her appearance, per appointment by note, and her hardened features, (for, like a perfidious smile as her piercing eyes discover the heap of treasures she has been called upon to inspect. True to the cunning instincts of her race, each garment is depreciated and pronounced of "no use at all," because her customers are all very fashionable, and she could not induce them to take such very old dresses, but they as the lady says, for her the Miss not like the vast should be for nothing, as if Miss —— will take $20 for the whole lot," Madame "will pay cash and call it a bargain."

Could Adonis, of Boston, or Augustus of Baltimore, only behold the whilom beauty of Saratoga as she refers to the advertisement which distinctly states that "from $5 to $50 will be paid for ladies' cast-off dresses," and see her languor melt into the passionate earnestness of barter and sale as she insists on higher prices for the pink and blue chambreys that they never wanted of comparing with the rose on her cheek and the azure of her eye, admiration would give place to disgust. But time flies, and all those things must be out of the way before that prying maid goes back. Madame persists that those prices relet only to "real silk," or something "very fine;" at any rate, there isn't one of those dresses or suits that's worth so far if Miss will just say the word, why Madame will take them all out of her sight and pay her "$50 cash." Miss, who isn't dull at a trade, vows that she "will sell every rag to the first woman that comes along," before she will let them go for less than $75; and, both finally growing tired of the contest, Madame carries off the prize by paying $60, and Miss results her flying fancy, that had revelled in one of those coquettish shatter sets, and sits down to compose herself and reflect how far that $60 will go toward liquidating some of those little bills that "Papa" has all along considered paid.

Celeste is wiser than her mistress, for she remembers when she used to live in Pell-street, and how she used to find herself standing at the door of the auction-room, listening with wonder at the volubile auctioneer, as he cried out, the parcels and made two or three sales dinner in the same breath; and she distinctly recalls the time when she made all those old keepsakes of her dead mother into a bundle, and after leaving them to be sold, how astonished she was at the roll of bills the book-keeper gave her, and how blandly he remarked, "Them things fetched a sweet big price, bigger'n most anything we ever sold; don't you think you ought to give the poor fellow something as put 'em up?" and hastily throwing a dollar into his hand she hurried away, and taking a car never stopped until the friendly shade of the Park invited her to rest and count her little hoard. Remembering all this, Celeste makes another bundle of her own and the grudgingly given bits of finery that her mistress and her mistress' visitors have rewarded her with all Summer, and seeking the affable auctioneer, devotes her wares in his keeping, trusting that his self-interest and volubility may obtain as goodly a sum for them as it had on a former occasion for something she would fain forget.

It's a little saying, but nevertheless a true one, that "one half the world don't know how the other half lives," and, of course, many a fair dame and innocent damsel may feel shocked at the revelation that Miss Proudhorn sells all her gown wardrobe as soon as the "season" is over; but she does, and for two very excellent reasons, she says, first to get them out of the way, and second, to get something else with the money; but she merely calls it "economy of room," and argues that her style would not be the thing to set the inside dusting and house-cleaning in, and if nurse, clad in her young mistress' frock, took the children out, Miss Proudhorn would be mortified as much as that matron Queen or Empress whose maid of honor was mistaken for herself, because she wore a robe that had once graced the form of royalty; hence, negotiations are entered into as soon as may be to avert all unpleasant possibilities; and lest the dear five hundred friends of the fair widow should, per chance, learn her secret, Madame engages to dispose of the redacted wardrobe in the most private manner, and for the furtherance of this object has a secluded back room, with no end of double-locked doors and secure chests, where these relinquishments not only to be displayed to fellow customers, whom Madame feels assured are far removed from the social sphere of the former owner. Notwithstanding, she affectionately that daily invite ladies and gentlemen after the most enticing fashion to repose unlimited confidence in the business integrity of Mr. and Mrs. Clothier, Mr. and Mrs. Cast—who have large orders from Europe, Omaha, and the South [illegible] supply of cast-off clothing—Mr. and Mrs. Cloamer and Mr. and Mrs. Clad are vastly suspicious of parties who may thrive [illegible] the following incident will show: A lady who had read the advertisements alluded to called at one of the establishments; the day was rainy, and holding her umbrella aside in order to make sure of the number, she was astonished by a woman in the door with: "Well, what two wands? you will not buy something?"

LADY—No, I called to ask about selling some clothes.

WOMAN—You get something to sell? What you got—trees, skirt, pants, coat—what you got?

LADY—I have some old suits of my own; they are not torn at all, only they do not look nice enough for me to wear any longer.

LADY—But I don't want to tell you where I live unless you think you would buy what I have for sale. Perhaps, if I tell you what I have, you may be able to tell me what the things would be worth.

WOMAN—You tink I tell you what I give for something I know you? You go buy something from de store, you no see first.

LADY—Of course I would; I would buy a thing before I saw it; but I could ask how much it would cost, and when I told the man what kind of goods I wanted, he could tell me the price, could he?

OLE CLO'—My God! you tink I don't know something—you think you sit dis for your face dat I know no what is in?

LADY—No, my good woman; I don't want $50 for my rags. I sell them to the rag-man; but I offered you some clothes—some dresses; they are not old, they are all silk fashioned, and there not torn, and I thought you might be willing to give me some money for them.

OLE CLO'—Dat is what I want to know. Where you live? Where you live?

LADY—But can you go up-town? I live a long way up.

OLE CLO'—Yes; I go to the Bronx if you want.

LADY—O, but I don't live in Harlem; I don't guess its too far for you to come, way up where I live.

OLE CLO'—Well, you bring your trunks to de store, I give you anything you want; I give you cash, or something new.

LADY—Why, where are your new things? What have you got—dress-goods, shawls, or what—where do you keep them?

OLE CLO'—I got plenty things upstairs—everything—shawl, ribbon, all kind clo's ready made; or you want some fine jewelry? I give you something nice; I come see you, you tell me where you live; you bring your trunks, you see like.

During this interview the woman evinced a desire to take hold of her customer and give her a good shaking, but the lady seemed aware of the feeling and wisely kept near the street door, beating a hasty retreat with the remark that she would try and bring the things herself.

Gentlemen are rarely treated with countenance in these transactions, from the fact so many stolen goods find their way to these receptacles, and the dealers are naturally on the alert for detectives in search of missing clothing, so that every man is treated as a spy until they feel sure he can be made a victim.

While many of the clothes displayed in these second-hand shops are the results of close and hard bargains between buyer and seller, many others are, no doubt, the proceeds of mysterious thefts committed so long since that they have been forgotten, and others still are the contents of the wisdom pawnbrokers' closets, which are sold at public auctions, and the second-hand dealers constitute the majority of the bidders.

The chief purchasers of second-hand garments are, of course, from the lowest strata of society, mostly "unfortunate" women and the class of criminals whose lives are passed in letting day's sojourn in the Tombs, which place they usually reach and leave with remarkably scanty bundles. The returning the City they contrive to procure a second suit of clothes before coming in contact with their old chums; but a general apre goon ensues, and one takes her turn in "treating" the company, and not to be outdone by a rival in this unknown generosity, that one and then another garment secures a few pennies at the pawnbroker's, and Lord Stanmore's Lady Mayoress, awakes in the Tombs or Work-house with no the recollection of where and when and how it all came about; and should any kindly-disposed visitor ask her what can be done for her, the invariable reply will be a handful of pawn-tickets and the necessary money to redeem the pledges, as many will be sure to be sold. Let this be as it may, the old clothes will readily find her wardrobe, on her release, at some, or the second hand stores, where her presence is as familiar as at the Police Court.

FINE ARTS.

Our Picture Galleries—The Dresden and Spanish School of Water Colorists.

Most of our picture-buyers have now returned to town, and our fine art galleries are thronged with visitors, chiefly of the fairer sex, from noon until the hour when fashion prescribes that they shall return to their homes to dress for dinner.

At Goupil's we find the gallery entirely in hang, the works exhibited comprising specimens by Lesrel, Comte, Dargelas, Bouguereau, Ruiperez, Backalowicz, Desgoffe, Isabey, Noterman, E. Moran, Johnson, Harr, Tapiro, Vibert, Jimenez, Maccari, and many others. A charming specimen by Lesrel, "The Adieu," will attract attention from its superb tones, fine color, and strength of expression, and "Le Comte's" "Pour L'Amour" will certainly gain the added favor by its charming simplicity of composition and depth of sentiment. Quite in different style to those is Eugene Isabey's celebrated picture, "The Return from the Hunt," which carries us back to the end of the sixteenth century, or, perhaps, to the commencement of the seventeenth. It represents the interior of a hunting lodge, in which a large party of cavaliers and a few ladies have assembled on their return from the chase. Near the centre of the pictures a young and handsome woman seated in a high-backed chair, her riding whip held upward, as if she felt almost disposed to use it on the backs or some of the gentlemen who bow and crouch around her. On the right is a table loaded with dishes and flagons, which two peasant women are arranging, one of them having a most unsavory looking baby in her arms. Near the fire-place stands the cook, red-faced and portly, astonished apparently at this sudden invasion of his dominions. A small boy is carrying a tureen of steaming soup to the table, and in the background are gathered the remainder of the party. The breadth, dash and freedom with which the subject is treated are undeniable, and show that a skillful hand has been at work, but we scarcely think that these merits atone for bad drawing and impure color. It is true that the scene the artist had in his mind's eye is brought vividly before us, yet we are not satisfied, and cannot but feel how much the picture loses by absolute carelessness of workmanship. Reminding us somewhat of Isabey's color, but much better, is a little picture by Ruiperez, (deceased,) entitled, "The Recitation." Three gentlemen are seated round a table, one of whom is reading from a book. The attitudes and expressions are admirable, and the harmony of tone charming. Brilliant is represented by two small pictures, the most notable of which is "The Suitor," brilliant in color and most striking in expression. Desgoffe, by a group of boys playing at marbles, and Bouguereau by "Echoes of the Ocean" two of the finest compositions, to our thinking, that he has ever sent to this country. A lady is kneeling in a spacious saloon by the side of her daughter, to whose ears she is holding a shell, while the little one listens with something like awe to "the echoes of the murmurous sea" within. This is a charming work, as brilliant and pure in color as it is fine in sentiment. Two or three specimens by Backalowicz show a considerable improvement on his former efforts. One of the finest specimens we have yet seen by Eliseo Meissonier is also on exhibition. In fineness of color and wonderful imitation of the various textures of velvet, steel, pearl, glass, &c., it surpasses anything we have yet had here from his hand. Mr. E. Moran has two fine compositions, "Lobster Fishing" and "The Light-ship." In the latter there is a nobly-painted sky—a close study from nature, or we are much mistaken—with a free, dashing, buoyant water.

WATER COLORS.

Our fashionable patrons appear to be just learning to appreciate water colors, though for certain descriptions of work this medium is superior to oils, possessing a luminosity that oils never have, and a peculiar softness and charm of its own which it would be difficult to describe.

Within the last few years, comparatively, a school of Russian and Spanish water-colorists has sprung up, who rival, if not equal, the English and French schools in some points. We find in the Gospel Gallery some remarkably fine examples of all these schools. Espino is represented by a "View in Granada," a strong and luminous picture; Dezi, Jimenez and Maccari by genre pieces and landscapes, and Vibert by two fine compositions, rich in color and vigorous in treatment. We may also mention two little gems by Meyer Von Bremen, which are superior to many of his more pretentious works in oils, in size at least.

THE NEW-YORK TIMES, SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1872.

HOMELESS AT THE STATE'S HALL.

Terrible Gatherings and Sufferings Described.

A correspondent of the London Daily Telegraph, writing from Berlin on Sept. 7, says:

"I have just returned from the banquet given to the two Emperors, who are the guests of William I., in the famous White Hall of the Sedan. The entertainment was attended by [illegible] about 400 persons, one of whom was dined in the Hall with their Majesties, and the rest had to be accommodated in the picture galleries. So many Imperial, Royal and Princely guests were present, that the cross table at the top of the Hall at which the Emperors sat was not sufficiently capacious to contain all the Hohe Herrschaften, who, consequently, were served out of a considerable way down back of the side tables. More than thirty pages, dressed in a blue costume of ancient fashion with crimson lace, were in waiting on the host and the guests 'born in the purple.' The Empress Augusta occupied the central place at the head of the table. Immediately on her right were the Emperor of Austria and the Princess Charles; then came the Emperor of Germany, the Prince Imperial, the Grand Duke Nicholas, and a number of Princes, ending off with Frederick William and Henry of Prussia—the first dressed in the uniform of a Russian Lancer regiment, the second wearing the distinctive part of a Lieutenant in the First Prussian Foot Guard. Next to Prince Henry sat Count von Moltke.

On the left of the Empress sat the Emperor of Russia, the Princess Imperial of Germany—our English Princess Victoria—the Czarewitch, whose coming to Berlin is all the more talked of in consequence of the speculation; the Crown Prince of Saxony, the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg, the Princes Frederick, Charles and Albert, Jr., the Grand Duke of Oldenburg, Prince Maximilian of Bavaria, and Duke Ernest of Saxe-Coburg. The Emperors William and the Prince Imperial were in the uniform of Austrian infantry Colonels, while the Sovereigns of Austria and Russia, by an inverse compliment, were dressed in the uniform of Prussian Generals. Opposite to the Emperor Alexander sat Prince Bismarck, with Count Arnim-Boitzenburg on his left hand, and Prince Gortschakoff on his right. Besides these, there were at the royal table M. d'Oubril, the Russian Ambassador; Count Karolyi, the Austrian Ambassador; Count Fourcoup, Minister of War; Marquis Belz, commanding in Poland; Prince Orlow, Adjutant-Generals. The repast was excellent, but the duration of the dinner was brief, lasting exactly an hour and a quarter, during which time the military band played selections from "Tannhauser," "Fra Diavolo," "Lucrezia," "Dinorbine Donna," and other pieces. Throughout the dinner, Prince Bismarck and Count Andrassy were engaged in an animated conversation, while Prince Gortschakoff was observed to talk chiefly with Count Karolyi and M. d'Oubril. All that could be remarked at the banquet led to the conclusion that the German and Austrian Premiers were on the best terms.

The third course having been removed, Kaiser William, rising and lifting his glass on high, said: 'I drink with deep feeling and from the bottom of my heart, to my illustrious guests, for whose visit I experience the sincerest gratitude and delight. To the Emperor of Austria and Russia.' A flourish of trumpets followed, and the band played the Austrian Imperial Hymn. Francis Joseph then stood up and proposed the health of the German Emperor, saying that he accorded to him with profound joy and gratitude for the splendid reception which had been accorded to him in the Prussian capital. The whole company drank this toast upstanding. Shortly afterward the Empress Augusta gave the signal to quit the table, and, rising, she led the way to the music-room, where the band struck up the Russian National Hymn, with a view to place on a par the compliment paid to each of the Emperors. Among the guests were to be noticed the Duke of Manchester, Major Gen. Watson, Count Kotzebue, Earl Sefton, Lord Stanmore, Lord Strathnairn, Major Gen. Pitt, Capt. Russell, and several Russian officers of note.

The guests dispersed at 8½, and at 9 o'clock the Corps Diplomatique, headed by its doyen, went in state to pay its respects to his Austrian Majesty at the Austro-Hungarian Embassy. The ambassadors will wait upon the Czar at the palace under the Linden, to-morrow (Sunday) at noon, for a similar purpose. These are the only ceremonies, excepting the entertainment to-morrow evening at the Crown Prince's palace, to which the diplomatic body will take part, although the members of the various embassies have invitations to participate in all the festivities."

On Sept. 8 the same correspondent writes: "The party at the Castle invited to witness the illuminations and to hear the monster concert and grand tattoo was a small one, and yet gave ample evidence of the immense power of music, which well-nigh is inscribed upon the roll of fame. It was not until long past the hour of invitation that all were assembled, for the approaches to the Castle were so thronged that the carriages had to be forced through to their destination by mounted policemen. The Schlosser plats was lined round by a hedge of soldiers and a trellis-work of lamps. Within this luminous inclosure were stationed twenty-seven military bands, which had marched to the spot, bearing torches, from the barracks of Charlottenburg, Moabit, and Spandau, drawn up in the form of a hollow square—12 musicians in all. Strauss, the conductor of American renown, was perched upon a high crimson tribune in the centre of the Schlosplatz, and led the huge orchestra. The music was good and tipped with fame. The twenty-seven band-masters were placed in front of his band, and followed Strauss movements with unerring touch. The concert opened with the Austrian Hymn, and was remarkably good, terminating, as at the banquet, with the Russian Hymn, after which the whole force performed a grand tattoo, ending with Prayer.

As the 'Gebet' commenced, the Museum opposite the Castle began to glow with dusky red brilliancy, and from the roof of the Schloss a powerful electric light shot out over the vast [illegible] of the Platz, showing to those who were standing at the Castle windows every movement of the hundreds of thousands of spectators crammed together in the Lustgarten. Many people were crushed, and some were badly injured, with burns from the blazing torches which the soldiers, not being provided with safety lanterns, had to use, lest, in the heat of the moment, they should set the dresses of the people on fire.

A BOY TORTURED.

Singular Case in Boston—A Mere Child Pleads Guilty to Maliciously Maiming Other Children.

From the Boston Journal, Sept. 21.

In our morning issue Friday brief mention was made of the arrest of Jesse Pomeroy, fourteen years of age, on a charge of mutilating Robert Gould, a boy of five years. Pomeroy entered the other boy away from home on Tuesday afternoon, and by threats compelled him to go with him to an obscure place on the line of the Boston, Hartford and Erie Railroad, where he made Robert strip himself of his clothing, when Pomroy tied him to a telegraph pole and cut him with a knife about the head. Soon after the arrest was made, Harry Austin, another youth, residing in South Boston, was brought to the Station-house, and identified Pomeroy as the party who stripped him on the 6th of August, and inflicted three wounds in his back and one in his groin. These disclosures led the officers to suppose that Pomeroy had committed the assaults in Chelsea, Somerville and Charlestown, which had so excited the people of those cities on account of the brutality exhibited, and learning that until within a few weeks he had lived in the latter city, the suspicions of the officers were strengthened. Several weeks ago two boys in Chelsea were found in an outhouse on Powder-House Hill, in a nude condition, and tied by the neck to a beam above. Their bodies were badly lacerated by the lash of a whip, which had been used by a third party several years their senior, whom they described to the police. Public indignation was aroused, and a reward of $100 was offered by the City of Chelsea for the apprehension of the villain. No less than seventeen different boys were arrested on suspicion of having committed the crime, but were discharged. Although the Chelsea authorities exhausted themselves in Charlestown and Chelsea, no clue was found by which the perpetrator could be caught. When the news of Pomeroy's arrest was received, City Marshal Drury, of Chelsea, in company with the boys, came to this city. Pomeroy was brought from his cell at the Tombs, and was identified by Master Lewis Pierce, since then little Johnny Baldwin, seven years of age, exclaimed, "that's the boy who cut me!" and appeared to be overjoyed at his discovery.

Other boys also identified Pomeroy, who subsequently confessed to having been the perpetrator of numerous outrages. He said he was very sorry for what he had done, and could not tell what prompted him to do it. He has always borne a good reputation as a quiet and peaceful boy. In a number of instances he has cut small holes in or break off the legs of several boys' boots, which leaves them disfigured for life, while in other cases he stabbed them in the groins and other portions of the body. He seemed to delight in torturing his victims, and taken altogether his case is one of the most remarkable on record.

The case was heard before Justice Rockwith yesterday afternoon. The complaints charged Pomeroy with an assault with a knife on John Balch, seven years of age, at Chelsea, on the 23d of July; Tracy D. Haven, seven years of age, at Chelsea, on the 6th of July; Henry Gould, eight years of age, at South Boston, on the 6th of September; Charles J. Gould, five years of age, at South Boston, on the 6th of September, and George A. Fowler, seven years of age, at South Boston, on the 17th of August. To all these allegations the defendant pleaded guilty, and he admitted that all the statements made by the boys in reference to the assaults were true.

The mother of Pomeroy, who resides at No. 312 Broadway, South Boston, stated that Jesse was very dutiful and obedient son, and she never had reason to suspect the tendencies which had been developed in him. His deportment at the Bigelow School was exceedingly good well in his class. He was twelve years old when he was first arrested, and he was discharged on the ground that he was too young. Judge Forsaith, after a consultation as to the place for Pomeroy's confinement, where he would be the least liable to contamination by others, decided to send him to the Church's Reformatory, a Catholic institution, and he was conveyed to Deer Island last evening. A large number of interested parties were in the Station during the trial, and much sympathy was manifested for Mrs. Pomeroy, who was deeply affected at being obliged to part with her boy. Young as he is, for the first time since his arrest he seemed to comprehend the situation, and wept bitterly. His only explanation of his singular conduct is that he could not help it, and it is very generally conceded to be a morbidly dedicated.

PAYING OLD DEBTS.

The Disposition of Honest Audits—An Illustration of How Bills Are Cooked—How the Money of the Tax-Payer is Being Corrupt War.

In the settlement of the old claims of the City, contracted during the reign of the Ring, much difficulty has been experienced, and considerable patience exercised to ferret out the facts connected with more of them—facts which in the end have resulted in large reductions in bills that were palpably fraudulent. These difficulties were not a little increased by the fact that officials who could give information are no longer connected with the Departments, and those who remain are unwilling to do more than unwillingly what they ought to know. Even by these facts have been obtained, frequently at long intervals, and from widely different sources, until a clear statement could be put together, upon which the examiners appointed could make their reports.

The bill of Byrnes & Coppers, presented to the Board of Audit, may be cited as a sample, since the claimants themselves have brought their claim before the public by applying to Judge Leonard for a mandamus, on the ground that the Board of Supervisors had already audited and their bill, and directed the Controller to pay it. The bill was for plumbing, gas-fitting, materials and labor, alleged to have been furnished and performed in one Hall of Records, bill dated January, 1871; in amount $2,672 18.

No one at present in our building could throw any light upon the subject. The claimants themselves, when called upon to point out the work done, were by no means clear in their statements, and claimed at some charged in bills [illegible] and something that [illegible] pers "pronounced to have been done three years before; and other portions of plumbing claimed by them were clearly proven to have been furnished by another party at a later date. Articles were charged for that some not be found, or ever claimed. Of 600 feet of gas-pipe charged each at [illegible] feet were found; 5 pounds lead pipe charged, only 3 pounds found; 215 pounds solder charged, only 15 pounds accounted for. Two Fraser's Pumps are charged; only one was found. One hundred and thirty-five days' labor of gas-fitter and helper are charged for. Mr. Fraser, and judged simply time for the work performed, and 18 days for plumber and helper charged, and seven days' labor would be sufficient for the work actually done. Had all the materials been furnished they are charged for, twenty days' labor would not have taken place. The wages of the gas-fitters and plumbers are charged at $7 50 per day, while $6 50 per day was the outside price for first-class workmen at the time. All the materials are charged for at 25 to 200, and even 250 per cent advance on prices charged by first-class plumbers and gas-fitters.

After allowing for every item charged that could not be clearly shown to have been already in the building, placed there by other parties, and for the gas-fitter and plumber, both materials and labor, the examiners recommend that they believe a liberal allowance, viz.: $225 00 for the whole bill, amounting to $2,672 18.

Upon affidavit of examiners setting forth the facts, a mandamus was denied by Judge Leonard.

It is because there are bills of this character, and their character ascertained only by patient investigation, that the Controller declined paying bills until the are actually scrutinized. Other same claimants have waited their patience tired by waiting, the tax-payers of New-York cannot but endorse the Controller, for while "making haste slowly," he is saving millions of dollars to the City.

Will of the Late Bishop Eastburn—Public Bequests.

From the Boston Traveller, Sept. 26.

The will of the late Rev. Manton Eastburn, Bishop of the Diocese of Massachusetts, dated May 2, 1872, was filed in the Probate Office yesterday. After bequeathing all his personal property and real estate to his wife, the following bequests are made: The Trust fund left by Charles Ammidown, of New-York, for charitable purposes, consisting of twenty-eight shares Union National Bank of Boston and other securities, amounting in all to upward of $50,000, is bequeathed to the Protestant Episcopal Church for the furtherance of missions in the diocese of Massachusetts; to the Episcopal Theological School at Cambridge at his theological library; to the Columbia College, of New-York, all his classical library. Upon the decease of Mrs. Eastburn, the estate No. 120 Tremont-street, now in the American Bible Society, New-York, is bequeathed to certain trustees of the Cambridge Episcopal Theological School, the income to be applied to the use of the school. The executors are Messrs. Edward S. Rand, Samuel I. Dana and Rev. Theodore W. Snow.

Smuggling on a United States Deputy Marshal.

The steam-boat Pleasant Valley, of the Fort Lee route, was seized yesterday, at 1 o'clock, by a United States Deputy Marshal, on an attachment for a small debt for supplies, and one Patrick Farrell was placed in charge as keeper, armed with all the authority of a Marshal. At 2 o'clock, the hour for the boat to start on its regular trip, Farrell was induced to go below. Here he was slapped in a bunker, blankets were piled over it, and by chattering down, the crew nearly succeeded in smothering the unfortunate Marshal. At 4 o'clock, the boat was then cut loose and proceeded on her way. On her return the state Irishman was liberated. He made a bee-line for Commissioner Osborn's office, and caused the arrest of one Captain McLeary, who was brought before the Commissioner on the charge of obstruction of the blanketing operation, and, at the solicitation of the President of the Steam-boat Company, was released. Commissioner Osborn, however, said that if he finds on examination that the Captain was a party to Farrell's misfortune, he will hold him to answer.

Fire in East Twenty-Sixth Street—Loss Estimated at $15,000.

At 8 o'clock last evening a fire broke out in the rear portion of the third floor of the building Nos. 218 and 220 East Twenty-sixth street, occupied by Kraunich, Bach & Co. as a piano-forte factory. The flames appeared to have originated in or about the drying room, and owing to the combustible nature of the materials in the vicinity spread with great rapidity. Before the firemen could succeed in extinguishing the fire the third floor was burned out, and the lower portion of the building flooded with water.

The second and third floors are occupied by Kraunich, Bach & Co., whose loss is estimated at $10,000; insured for $5,000 in various companies. The first floor is occupied by John Buchanan, tinworker, who also owns the building. Damage to stock, building, &c., $5,000; fully insured.

Personal.

Emilio Benard, the Nicaraguan Minister at Washington, and Jas. Pigeins, member of Parliament, England, are at the Clarendon Hotel. Walter Williams, Member of Parliament, England, is at the Brevoort House. Gov. E. M. McCook, of Colorado, is at the Fifth-avenue Hotel. Gen. William Myers, of the United States Army, is at the St. James Hotel; Gen. James M. Scovel, of New-Jersey, is at the Gilsey House; Hon. N. P. Banks, of Massachusetts; Lieut.-Gov. J. L. Marye, Jr., of Virginia; Judge D. G. Fowle, of North Carolina, and Col. C. K. Holliday, of Kansas, are at the St. Nicholas Hotel; Capt. Wadsworth, of the United States Navy, is at the Grand Hotel. Col. Henry Taylor, of Savannah; Col. William Chambers, of New-Orleans, and Hon. William Forbes, of Baltimore, are at the Metropolitan Hotel. Hon. John G. Evans, of Washington, and C. D. Myers, of North Carolina, are at the Metropolitan Hotel.

Central Park Meteorological Department.

Abstract of report for the week ending at 3 P. M., Sept. 21. Barometer—Mean, 30.201 inches; maximum at 9 A. M., Sept. 21, 30.096 inches; minimum at 4 P. M., Sept. 18, 29.624 inches; range, .472 inch. Thermometer—Mean, 60.87; maximum at 4 P. M., Sept. 18, 72.00; minimum at 4 A. M., Sept. 21, 49.75; range, 22.25. Remarks—Sept. 15, rain from 7½ P. M. to 12 P. M

FINANCIAL AFFAIRS.

Sales at the Stock Exchange—SEPT. 21.

SALES BEFORE THE CALL—10 A. M.

200	West. Union Tel.	69½	1600	Erie Railway	39
100	do.	69¾	100	do.	39½
100	do.	69¾	100	do.	39½
100	do.	69¾	100	do.	39½
100	do.	69¾	100	do.	39½
100	B. Y. C. & Hud.	92	100	do.	39½
100	do.	92½	200	do.	39½
1000	Pacific Mail	33½	200	do.	39½
100	do.	33½	100	do.	39½
100	do.	33½	100	do.	39
100	do.	33½	100	do.	39
100	do.	33½	200	do.	39½
100	do.	33½	200	North-western	71½
100	do.	33½	100	do.	71½
100	Wells, Fargo Ex.	25	100	do.	71½
100	Pacific Mail	33½	100	do.	71½
100	do.	33½	100	do.	71½
100	do.	33½	100	do.	71½
100	do.	33½	100	do.	71½
100	do.	33½	100	do.	71½
100	Rock Island	110½	200	do.	71½
100	Lake S. & M. So.	84½	100	C., C. & I. C.	26½
100	do.	84½	100	do.	26½
100	do.	84½	100	do.	26½
100	do.	84½	100	do.	26½
100	do.	84½	100	do.	26½
100	do.	84½	100	do.	26½
100	do.	84½	100	do.	26½
100	do.	84½	100	do.	26½
100	Panama	120			

GOVERNMENT STOCKS—10¾ A. M.

$10,000	U. S. 5-20 C.	112⅝	$10,000 U. S. 5-20 C.
1,000	do.	112⅝	1,000 do.
$100,000	U. S. 10-40 R.	112¼	50,000 do.
10,000	U. S. 10-40 C.	112¼	10,000 U. S. 10-40 R.
$500	do.	112⅝	$500 U. S. 10-40 R.

STREET BOARD—10¾ A. M.

$1,000	N. C. 6s, old	90	20	Hr. of Com'ce	38
1,000	Alt. & Sod 3d	30	20	Am. Exchange	82½
2,000	Can. Pac. G. B.	84½	100	Canton Co.	91
1,000	U. P. Tel.	90	100	do. bds. call	91½
1,000	U. P. 7s, 1st G.	94½	200	Quick. P. b. c.	54½
1,000	Tol. & Wab. 1st	94½	800	Quick. P. b. c.	54½
1,000	T. & W., S.L.D.	89½	200	Erie Railway	39
6,000	M. Air. 1st, new	102½	100	Union Pacific R.	69½
1,000	do. bds. 2d	70	1,000	do. bds. call	69½
3,000	C., C. & I. C. 7s	83	200	do.	69½
500	W. U. Tel. b. c.	69½	100	do.	69½
700	do.	69½	200	do.	69½
200	do.	69½	200	do.	69½
100	Adams Express	61	400	do.	69½
100	Am. Mas. Un. Ex.	60	100	do.	69
100	U. S. Ex. bot. call	70	100	Chi. & N. W.	72½
100	Wells F. Ex. b. c.	75	10	do.	72½
100	Harlem R. b. c.	125	200	do. b. c.	72½
100	Pacific M. S. S. Co.	69½	100	do. c.	72½
100	do. b. c.	69	200	do. bd.	72½
100	do.	69½	200	do.	72½
100	do.	69½	300	do. c.	72½
1100	do.	69	100	do.	72½
200	do.	69½	100	do.	72½
100	do.	69½	100	do.	72½
100	do.	69	200	do. bd.	72½
900	do.	69½	200	do.	72½
300	do.	69½	200	do. bd.	72½
400	do.	69½	200	L. S. & M. S. b. c.	85½
100	do.	69½	200	do.	85½
100	N. Y. C. & Hud.	93½	100	do.	85½
100	do. b. c. call	93½	100	do. bd.	85½
100	do.	93½	100	do.	85½
100	do.	93½	400	Chi. & R. I. b. c.	103½
100	do. c.	93½	100	do.	103½
1400	do.	93½	100	Cl. & P. Col. b. c.	99
100	do. bd.	93½	20	Chi. & N. W. Pf.	89½
200	do.	93½	30	C., C., C. & I. b. c.	89½
100	Panama R. b. c.	120	100	New Jersey Cen.	103½
100	do.	120	100	do.	103½
100	Erie R. b. c. call	39½	100	do.	103½
100	do. c.	39½	100	Bos., H. & E. b. c.	6½
100	do.	39½	200	Mil. & St. P. b. c.	72½
100	do.	39½	100	Del., Lac. & W.	94½
100	do.	39	10	do.	94½
100	do.	39½	300	do.	94½
100	do.	39½	100	do. bds. call	94½
200	do. c.	39½	81	Morris & Essex	91
400	do.	39½	100	Ohio & Miss. b. c.	42
200	do.	39½	200	do.	42
100	do.	39½	100	do.	42
100	do.	39½	100	do.	42
100	do.	39½	100	do.	42
200	do. c.	39	100	do.	42
200	do.	39½	100	Mem. Kan. & Tex.	41
100	do.	39½	100	C., C. & I. C. b. c.	26½
100	do.	39			

GOVERNMENT STOCKS—12¼ P. M.

$10,000	U. S. 5-20 C.	112⅝	$5,000 U. S. 7s, 10-40 C. 107½
10,000	do.	112⅝	10,000 U. S. 5s Cur.
10,000	do.	112⅝	Money 112½
10,000	do.	112⅝	

SALES BEFORE THE CALL—12¾ P. M.

200	Western Union	69½	300	Ohio and Miss.	42½
200	do.	69½	100	do.	42
100	do.	69½	100	do.	42½
100	do.	69½	100	Lake Shore	84½
400	do.	69	200	do.	84½
200	do.	69	100	do.	84½
200	Wells, Fargo Ex.	25	100	do.	84½
100	Pacific Mail	33½	100	do.	84½
200	do.	33½	100	do.	84½
100	do.	33½	100	do.	84½
200	do.	33½	100	do. bd.	84½
100	do.	33½	100	do.	84½
100	do.	33½	500	do.	84½
200	do.	33½	500	do.	84½
100	do.	33½	100	Rock Island	110½
100	Erie Railroad	39½	200	do.	110½
100	do. c.	39½	200	do.	110½
500	N. Y. C. & Hud.	93½	100	do.	110½
200	do. bd.	93½	200	North-western	71½
200	do.	93½	200	do.	71½
200	do.	93½	100	do.	71½
200	do.	93½	500	do.	71½
100	C., C. & I. C.	26½	1200	do.	71½
100	do.	26½	100	do. b60.	71½
600	do.	26½	300	do.	71½
100	do.	26½	200	do.	71½
1200	Union Pacific	69½	200	Kansas & Texas	41½
300	do.	69½			

SECOND BOARD—1 P. M.

4000	T. & W. Eq't. b. c.	87	2000	L. S. & M. So. B. b. c.	86½
100	Canton Co.	92	100	Panama R.	83
100	do.	92	300	Un. Pac. R. b. c.	3½
100	Cen. Coal	41	400	do.	3½
100	Adams Ex.	61	100	do.	3½
40	Am. M. Un. Ex.	68½	15	Tit. Central R.	129½
200	U. S. Express	70	100	Clev. & Pitt. R.	89½
100	do.	70½	400	Chi. & N. W. b. c.	72½
200	W. U. Tel. b. c.	69½	100	Chi. & N. W. Pf.	89½
100	do.	69½	70	C., C., C. & I. R.	89½
100	do.	69½	275	do.	89½
200	do.	69½	320	K. J. Central R.	103
100	do.	69½	5	do.	102½
1700	do.	69½	5	do.	102½
200	do.	69½	10	Chi. & R. I. R.	110½
200	Pac. Mail S.Co. c.	69½	100	Mil. & St. P. b. c.	72½
200	do.	69½	100	Del., L. & W. R.	95
100	Erie Railroad	40½	400	do.	95½
200	do. bot. call	40½	100	Tol., Wab. & W. R.	70
200	do.	40½	200	P., Ft. W. & C. Gd.	94½
100	do.	40½	50	Chi. & Alton R.	112
400	N. Y. C. & H. b. c.	93½	200	H. & St. Jos. R.	32
100	do.	93½	200	O. & Miss. R. b. c.	42
3,000	Harlem Railroad	61½	200	do.	42½

SALES FROM 2 TO 3 P. M.

1200	Western Union	69½	400	Harlem Railroad	61½
200	do.	69½	200	Union Pacific	38½
2000	do.	69½	200	do.	38½
1000	do.	69½	200	do.	38½
100	Erie Railroad	39½	200	do.	38½
100	Pacific Mail	33½	100	do.	38½
200	do.	33½	100	St. Paul Pf.	71½
200	do.	33½	200	North-western	71½
100	do.	33½	100	do.	71½
100	do.	33½	100	do.	71½
100	do. bd.	33½	100	do.	71½
100	do.	33½	1000	do.	71½
100	do.	33½	100	do.	71½
100	do.	33½	100	do.	71½
100	do.	33½	100	do.	71½
100	do.	33½	100

DRY GOODS.

GRAND CENTRAL OPENING EXHIBITION!

GRAND OPENING

R. H. MACY & CO.

R. H. MACY & Co.
Have devoted
MACY, the last three months GRAND
MACY, to CENTRAL
ENLARGING, DECORATING
MACY, AND REFURNISHING GRAND
MACY, their establishment, CENTRAL
and having now completed
MACY, their extensive improvements, GRAND
MACY, they can justly claim CENTRAL
to be the
MACY, LARGEST FANCY GOODS GRAND
MACY, STORE IN AMERICA. CENTRAL
They cordially invite the public
MACY, to attend GRAND
MACY, A GRAND OPENING CENTRAL
EXHIBITION,
MACY, to be held on GRAND
MACY, WEDNESDAY, Sept. 18, CENTRAL
and
MACY, THURSDAY, Sept. 19, GRAND
MACY, BOTH DAY AND EVENING. CENTRAL
Many of the goods to be displayed
MACY, have been imported by them GRAND
MACY, especially for the occasion. CENTRAL
On both
MACY, Wednesday and Thursday MACY
the establishment will remain open
MACY, until MACY,
half past 8 in the evening.
MACY, R. H. MACY & CO., MACY,
Fourteenth-street and Sixth-avenue.
MACY, GRAND CENTRAL MACY.
FANCY GOODS ESTABLISHMENT.

OPENING.

ARNOLD, CONSTABLE & CO.

Having completed their enlargement, have now open their

FALL IMPORTATIONS.

DRESS GOODS

In all the latest fabrics, comprising

Cachemire Sicilien, in Plain and Brocaded.
(Styles entirely confined to this house.)
Irish and French Poplins.
Carmelite Cashmeres, Camel's Hair Cloths,
Drap de Nice, Merinoes, Cachemires,
Plain, Fancy and Richly Brocaded Silks,
(In all the Newest Colorings.)
Damask Crepelines, (all Silk.)
Black Silks, in all the leading makes,
Trimmings and Cloaking Velvets,
Laces, Embroideries and Handkerchiefs.
India Camel's Hair and Cashmere Shawls.
Mourning Goods,
White Goods, Linens, Hosiery.
Under-Wear, Blankets, Flannels and Quilts.
Furnishing Goods, &c., &c.

AT RICHARD MEARES',

6TH-AV. AND 19TH-ST.

NOW OPENING
NEW LINES OF FALL GOODS,
IN ALL OUR DIFFERENT DEPARTMENTS,
AT VERY ATTRACTIVE PRICES.

WE WILL OPEN ON MONDAY,
Fall and Winter Dress Goods in great variety
of styles, all the new shades.
ALSO, MOURNING GOODS
In Cashmere, Drap D'Ete, Alpacas, Empress and Crape Cloths,
at the lowest prices.
50 pieces fine Black Empress Cloth, 50c. yard.
Fine Black Alpacas, 20c., 30c., 37c., 40c. and 50c.

WE WILL ALSO OPEN MONDAY
A large lot of Black, Colored and Striped Silks,
purchased at the recent sacrifice sales,
AT UNUSUALLY LOW RATES.
100 pieces Striped SILK, in best Fall Colors, 24 yard.
100 pieces 27-inch Colored Silks, superior Quality, Good Colors, 62, worth 75 to $1 a yard.
50 pieces Heavy Lyons Black Gros-grain Silk, white edge,
$1 75 yard, cheap at $2 25.

We would request our customers and strangers to examine our large and elegant stock of
FINE FRENCH FLOWERS AND MILLINERY GOODS.
Straw Hats, Bonnet Velvets and Bonnet Trimmings, in all the latest novelties.
50 cases Fine Straw Turbans, 50c., sold everywhere at $1 and $1 25.

LADIES MAKING PURCHASES OF
FALL AND WINTER MERINO UNDERGARMENTS
and Hosiery will do well to examine our stock and prices, as it is acknowledged to be the most desirable in foreign and domestic goods.
Boys' Merino Vests and Drawers, 50c., 75c. and $1.
Misses' Merino Vests and Drawers, 62c. 75c. and 100c.
Ladies' Merino Vests and Drawers, 75c. and $1.
These goods are all well finished; are adapted to the present season. We have every size, and price is lower than any house in the City.
500 dozen Lupin's best Two-button Kid Gloves, in choicest shades, very slightly spotted, sold at a pair, usual price $1 25.

We are also opening
a full line of HOUSEKEEPING GOODS,
Flannels, Blankets, Towels, Napkins and Quilts.
Embroidered Edgings and Insertings, just opening
the case of choicest patterns.
Real Guipure Laces and Edgings.
1,000 pieces Linen Lace, best weak's auction sales, at 12c., 14c., 16c., 18c., 20c., 25c. and 50c.
RICH PASSEMENTERIE TRIMMINGS,
FRINGES AND LOOPS.
Bonnet and Sash Ribbons, Window Squares and Ties, Russia Leather, Morocco and Canvas Belts and Satchels, in latest designs.
RICHARD MEARES,
6th-av. and 19th-st.

AT THE POPULAR CARPET-STORE,

No. 123 Bowery, near Grand-st., New-York.

INGRAIN CARPETS, 50 cents per yard.
TWO-PLIES, 75 cents to $1 per yard.
EXTRA SUPERS, $1 25 per yard.
ELECTROTYPE BRUSSELS, $1 per yard.
A FINE LINE OF TAPESTRY BRUSSELS, $1 25.
A FINE LINE OF BODY BRUSSELS, $1 50.
VELVETS, $2 25.
Also
A fine stock of THREE-PLY CARPETS, OIL-CLOTH, WINDOW SHADES, CORNICES, and CURTAINS, at
EQUALLY LOW PRICES.

SOLINGER BROTHERS,

Importers of
Dry Goods, Fancy Goods, Dress Trimmings, &c., &c.
and Manufacturers of Scarlet Cloaks, Sills, Mohair and Under-garments.
Corner Caroline and Bleecker sts., only a few blocks west of Broadway.
CALL AND EXAMINE OUR STOCK.

SMITH'S PATTERN BAZAAR, No. 914 Broadway, near 20th-st., full line of PARIS, BERLIN, and LONDON JOURNALS, SEVEN WEEKS EARLIER than COSTUME importers. EXAMINE before purchasing READY-MADE imported suits, CLOTH MODELS, given with each pattern. PERFECT GUIDES.

GRAND OPENING OF NOVELTIES IN Ladies' and Children's Patterns and Millinery at Mme. DeMOREST'S Emporium of Fashions, No. 473 Broadway, on Tuesday, Sept. 24, and at Patterns as all the City Branches.

CAMPAIGN GOODS SOLD AT THE LOWEST cash prices, on hand and made to order on short notice. Call and examine before buying. KELLEY & CO., No. 95 John-st.

DRY GOODS.

GRAND CENTRAL OPENING EXHIBITION!

R. H. MACY & Co.
Have devoted
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FANCY GOODS ESTABLISHMENT.

JAMES McCREERY & CO.,

BROADWAY AND 11TH-ST.,
WILL ADD TO THEIR GREAT SILK COUNTERS
A LARGE LOT OF
STRIPED AND CHECK SILKS,
AT 75c. (75c. PER YARD.
ALSO, A BEAUTIFUL ASSORTMENT
OF COLORED GROS GRAINS
IN NEW FULL SHADES, FOR DAY AND EVENING WEAR.
GREAT BARGAINS IN BLACK SILKS.
BONNET BLACK SILKS,
62c., 75c., 87c. and $1 25.
TO THE RICHEST IMPORTED,
ALSO, A LARGE STOCK OF
BLACK GROS GRAIN AND TAFFETA SILKS,
IN ALL QUALITIES, FROM $1 UPWARD.

JAMES McCREERY & CO.,

BROADWAY AND 11TH-ST.,
WILL OFFER
ON MONDAY, SEPT. 23,
THEIR FALL IMPORTATION OF
MOURNING GOODS,
COMPRISING
ENGLISH AND FRENCH BOMBAZINES,
IN ALL WOOL, THE MOST APPROVED MAKES.
FRENCH MERINOS, CASHMERE D'ECOSSE, IN ALL QUALITIES, AT VERY LOW PRICES.
EMPRESS CLOTHS, DRAP DE NICE, SERGE
DELAINES AND WOOL VELOURS.
HENRIETTA CLOTH, BARETHEA AND
CRAPE CLOTHS, COURTAULDS,
CRAPES, IN ALL WIDTHS, &c., &c.
FORMING THE MOST PERFECT AND MOST ATTRACTIVE STOCK EVER OFFERED.

JAMES McCREERY & CO.,

BROADWAY AND 11TH-ST.,
WILL OFFER IN SPECIAL
LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENTS
NEW STYLES OF SUITS AND CLOAKS
FOR THE FALL, JUST RECEIVED FROM PARIS AND BERLIN, TOGETHER WITH A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF OUR OWN MANUFACTURE.
BRIDAL TROUSSEAUX AND INFANTS' WARDROBES, IN STOCK OR MADE TO ORDER.
ON MONDAY, SEPT. 23, WE SHALL OPEN OUR
FULL STOCK OF FURS,
CONSISTING OF MUFFS AND BOAS IN SABLE, ERMINE, SILVER FOX, MINK, ALASKA SABLE, LYNX, &c., &c.
TRIMMINGS OF ALL KINDS CUT TO ORDER.

AT RICHARD MEARES',

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IN ALL OUR DIFFERENT DEPARTMENTS,
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RICH PASSEMENTERIE TRIMMINGS,
FRINGES AND LOOPS.
Bonnet and Sash Ribbons, Window Squares and Ties, Russia Leather, Morocco and Canvas Belts and Satchels, in latest designs.
RICHARD MEARES,
6th-av. and 19th-st.

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TWO-PLIES, 75 cents to $1 per yard.
EXTRA SUPERS, $1 25 per yard.
ELECTROTYPE BRUSSELS, $1 per yard.
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HORSES AND CARRIAGES.

ADVERTISEMENTS ARE RECEIVED AT THE NEW-YORK TIMES
Uptown Office,
of the TIMES Uptown Office, No. 548 West 23d-st., junction of Broadway, Sixth-av., and the Hudson River Railroad depots.
NO EXTRA CHARGE WHATEVER.

FOR SALE—BY A FARMER GOING TO Europe, a pair of brown horses, 16 hands high, Clarence, park phaeton, and sleigh; are used of late, robust, &c. Can be seen at stable, No. 31 West 46th-st., from 9 to 11 A. M. Also, half of the stable to let. Inquire at No. 116 Church-st.

HORSE-BLANKETS, FOR CARRIAGE and stable use, lap robes, whips, &c., the best goods in the market at low prices.
RAUSCH BROTHERS,
No. 104 Chatham-st., near William.

PERFECT STABLE TO LET—NO. 1,324 Broadway; room for 18 horses. Apply on premises.

SADDLERY, HARNESS, HORSE-CLOTHING, manufactured extensively by C. S. SMITH & CO., No. 40 Warren-st.

MUSICAL.

A GREAT OFFER!!

Horace Waters, No. 481 Broadway, N. Y., will dispose of ONE HUNDRED PIANOS, MELODEONS and ORGANS of our own and other makers, during the month of September, at EXTREMELY LOW PRICES FOR CASH, or will take from $4 to $6 monthly until paid the same is lost, and not applied if purchased. Note the following: Pianos, $35, $40, $45, $50, $60, $70. New ones, a new kind of PARLOR ORGAN, the most beautiful style and perfect tone ever made, sweet music, unlike reeds and usual manufacture. Circulars mailed.

CHICKERING'S POPULAR PIANOS.
"Home, dear Home."
Square and Upright Grand Pianos,
MADE EXPRESSLY to adorn taste and comfort in the homes of the people.
A LUXURY and an economy at the same time.
MODERATE PRICES to suit all.
IMPORTANT!
BY OUR SPECIAL OFFER
BUYERS are insured against any chance of loss or dissatisfaction.
Write for information and circulars.
Address, T. E. CHICKERING & SON,
NO. 101 4TH-AV.

CHICKERING & SONS,
ESTABLISHED 1823.
Manufacturers of
GRAND, SQUARE AND UPRIGHT
PIANO-FORTES.
Warerooms, No. 11 East 14th-st.,
between Broadway and 4th-av.

AMERICAN CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC.
NO. 111 4TH-AV., BETWEEN 18TH and 19TH STS.
Prof. HENRY SCHROEDER, Director.
THE MOST PROMINENT
MUSICAL INSTITUTE
in thorough instructions in Vocal and Instrumental Music and Foreign Languages, by the most celebrated Professors. For particulars and prospectus apply to J. BUSS, Secretary.

BROOKLYN MUSICAL INSTITUTE.
FIFTH YEAR.
No. 175 DUFFIELD-ST.,
between Fulton and Willoughby-sts.
Terms, $20 per Year,
payable half in advance.

AT HAINES BROS.,
No. 27 Union-square.
First-class handsome New PIANO-FORTES for sale or very reasonable terms.
and several used pianos, very low for cash.

A LARGE STOCK OF PIANOS, SQUARE AND UPRIGHT, to rent or sell cheap; rent allowed on purchase. All at M. M. HALLETT & BELLS, No. 8 Union-square, (No. 165 4th-av.)

AN ELEGANT 7 1-3 OCTAVE ROSEwood piano-forte for sale; round corners; rich carved legs; sostenuto bottom; most celebrated City maker; made to order; cost $700; price $375. Instrument is in good order, and warranted for three years. Intending purchasers cannot hire for trying. Apply to A. L. PATTERSON, No. 60 6th-av., near 14th-st.

GLORIOUS NEWS.—OPENING OF THE New-York Vocal Gymnasium, No. 108 West 15th-st., near 6th-av., by Professor Wolfsohn and Children, by an accomplished Boston professor. Cultivation of the voice for singing; classes for ladies, gentlemen and children; also books made strong and vigorous; stammering cured; new circulars.

CARD.—T. JAY WATSON'S PRIVATE MUsic rooms, 8 Clinton-place, established 1854. Private lessons suite; piano, violin, guitar, singing, harmony, Circulars and Students' Journal mailed free.

STEINWAY, CHICKERING, WEBER and other Pianos to rent. Organs and Pianos on monthly or quarterly installments. M. P. FOND & CO., No. 547 Broadway and No. 39 Union-square.

SIGNOR GIORGIO RONCONI BEGS to inform his pupils and the public that he will resume his course of lessons in singing and musical elocution on Monday, Sept. 23, from 10 to 12 A. M., at his residence, No. 146 East 26th-st.

A GENTLEMAN WILL GIVE INstruction on the piano and singing, at his residence or at the pupil's, for $3 and $10 per month. Address PROFESSOR, OF MUSIC, No. 109 West 22d-st.

A YOUNG LADY WOULD LIKE a few more pupils in music or the rudiments of English. Address M., Times Uptown Office, No. 548 West 23d-st.

A STEINWAY PIANO-FORTE AT A great bargain for cash. Several others very cheap. Pianos rented and monthly installments taken. S. BLIDGE, 13 Waverley-place, near Broadway.

INSTRUCTION ON THE PIANO-FORTE, Harmony, Composition, &c., $20 per quarter. Mrs. D., No. 207 4th-av., near 22d-st.

THE BEST PLACE TO BUY GOOD second-hand pianos for half their value, $110, $140, $160, at No. 422 West 23d-st., near 6th-av.

PROF. J. A. DAWSON, FIRST PRIZE of the Brussels Conservatory of Music, will take pupils on the piano-forte. Address 46 West 14th-st.

SITUATIONS WANTED.

FEMALES.

ADVERTISEMENTS ARE RECEIVED FOR THE NEW-YORK TIMES
At the "Times" Up-Town Office,
No. 548 West 23d-st., junction Broadway and 6th-av.,
And the "Times" Down-Town Office,
No. 30 West 10th-st., near Broadway.
NO EXTRA CHARGE WHATEVER.

COOK.—A SUPERIOR SWEDISH GIRL, just arrived, would like a situation in City or country, as first-class cook and laundress. Apply for three days at No. 7 Broadway, second floor.

DRESS-MAKER.—A DRESS-MAKER SOlicits the patronage of families by the day; can cut and fit ladies' and children's dresses, and is an expert operator on the sewing machine. Address DRESS-MAKER, Box No. 11, Times Up-town Office, No. 548 West 23d-st.

DRESS-MAKER.—AN EXPERIENCED dress-maker, supplied with the latest fashions, will go out by the day or week. Call or address No. 187 Henry, near 10th-st.

DRESS-MAKER.—A COMPETENT DRESS-maker wishes to go out to dress customers, or go out by the day. Apply or address No. 417 6th-st., near 26th-st.

DRESS-MAKER.—A FRENCH DRESS-maker solicits families' sewing by the day; cuts, fits and operates on Wheeler & Wilson's machine. Call at No. 252 6th-av.

GOVERNESS, &c.—A YOUNG GERMAN lady desires a position as governess or companion in a private family. Address Miss A. B. C., No. 27 North Washington-place.

LAUNDRESS.—A FIRST-CLASS LAUNdress solicits families or gentlemen's washing to do at home, or would go out by the day; linen and fancies done in superior style; excellent references. Address Laundress, Box No. 17 Up-town Times Office, No. 548 West 23d-st.

LAUNDRESS.—A FIRST-CLASS LAUNdress desires to take ladies' and gents' washing to her own home; or will go out by the day; fine finishing and pufting; good satisfaction will be given. Call at No. 154 West 13th-st., near 7th-av., Room No. 5.

LAUNDRESS.—A COMPETENT GIRL TO GO out washing, ironing or house-cleaning, by the day, and at No. 425 East 16th-st., Room No. 17.

MALES.

COACHMAN.—A FIRST-CLASS MAN wants a situation as coachman; understands his business thoroughly, the care and treatment of horses; is a good City driver, and he treats men by every respect. Address WATSON, 141 West 26th-st.

COACHMAN.—A SINGLE (COLORED) young man wishes a situation as coachman; good City references. Address J. H. R., Times Up-town Office, No. 548 West 23d-st.

COACHMAN.—BY A PROTESTANT MARried man; has several years' experience, and can come well recommended. Address R. C., No. 11 East 27th-st.

COACHMAN.—A FIRST-CLASS COLORED coachman and groom wants a situation; excellent reference. Call or address No. 4 East 27th-st.

HELP WANTED.

LAUNDRESS.—WANTED A FIRST-CLASS laundress; with best city references. Apply at No. 48 Monroe-place, Brooklyn.

WANTED—CYLINDER MACHINE TENder on reading paper; best of wages to right man. Apply in person GLEASON & TITCOMB, West Dedham, Mass.

WANTED, BOULDERS—TEN BENCH hands. Apply at D. L. TOWNSEND'S Foundry, Bridgeport, Ct., or No. 22 Cortlandt-st., between 12 and 1 o'clock.

WANTED—A FIRST-CLASS SALESWOMAN to take charge of "Infants' Wear Department." LORD & TAYLOR, Broadway and 20th-st.

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BOARD WANTED IN A PRIVATE family, where a well-furnished parlor and two good-sized bedrooms can be offered to a lady and daughter, with satisfactory references. Address R. W., Box No. 28 Times Up-town Office, No. 548 West 23d-st.

A GENTLEMAN AND WIFE WISH to hire permanently, with board, an entire second floor unfurnished; location must be good. Address, stating terms, &c., A. S. C., Box No. 127 Times Office.

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MADISON-AVENUE HOTEL,
COR. 27TH-ST. AND MADISON-AV.,
OPPOSITE NEW-HAVEN DEPOT.
Also, Madison-avenue, Fifth-avenue, A. T. STEWART'S NEW DRY GOODS STORE.
SUITABLE PRICES.
ELEGANTLY AND NEWLY-FURNISHED ROOMS
Illustrative of Taste and Comfort, Sunshine and Luxury.
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At the "Times" Up-Town Office,
No. 548 West 23d-st., junction Broadway and 6th-av.,
And the "Times" Down-Town Office,
No. 30 West 10th-st., near Broadway.
NO EXTRA CHARGE WHATEVER.

MARLBOROUGH HOUSE, NOS. 36 AND 38 and 36 6th-av. (Metropolitan Hotel adjoining), this new, elegantly furnished house, with all the modern improvements, located in the most healthful part of the City, offers inducements to families and single gentlemen wishing to remain for the Winter.
W. H. FISH.

NO. 117 EAST 34TH-ST., NEAR PARK-av.—A second floor, consisting of two large rooms, handsomely furnished, with or without private table; also, third-story front room and hall room adjoining; southern exposure; first-class references given and required.

SECOND FLOOR.—HANDSOMELY FURnished rooms, with or without private table; also, third-story front room and hall room adjoining; southern exposure; first-class references given and required.

STURTEVANT HOUSE, BROADWAY and 28th-st., New-York.—American plan; rooms, with board, $2 50 per day; family rooms for the winter at liberal rates; hotel every passenger and freight depot; with direct transfer.
LEWIS A. & GEORGE S. LELAND, Proprietors.

A LARGE, SUNNY, NEWLY-FURnished room, all modern improvements, on second floor, will be rented to a single gentleman; location 30th-st., near Madison and 4th-avs.; family strictly private; no other lodgers; unexceptionable; with name, J. T. C., Box No. 127 Times Office.

NO. 136 MADISON-AV.—PARTIES wishing to make arrangements for the Winter or by the year can now find new and newly-furnished suites of rooms, with private table and attendance; also rooms without private table, for families or single gentlemen; references exchanged.

NORTH-WEST CORNER OF BROADway and 20th-st., handsomely-furnished first floor to let, house and location unsurpassed; also rooms for gentlemen. Address or apply at No. 7 West 20th-st.

A PLEASANT AND COMMODIOUS suite of four rooms, single or in suite, with private table and attendance. References given and required. Apply at No. 21 West 20th-st., west of 5th-av.

TO LET—ELEGANTLY-FURNISHED SUITE of rooms on second floor, with all modern improvements; also, four rooms on upper floors with board; first-class table; location central; accessible to cars, stages; house desirable for all the appointments; references.

HANDSOMELY FURNISHED SUITES of rooms for families, or single gentlemen; table unexceptionable; house first-class and family small; a private table if required, or unfurnished if desired. No. 102 East 25th-st.

TO LET—WITH PRIVATE TABLE, FOR three or four adults, handsomely-furnished parlor, two bedrooms; bathroom, furnace, gas and all modern improvements; no children; a quarter; not taken house occupied by Avery. No. 23 West 21st-st.

NO. 117 EAST 28TH-ST., BETWEEN Lexington and 4th-avs.—A parlor and bedroom, furnished and connecting, on third-second floor, front, suitable for a gentleman or gentlemen, with board; a first-class house and location.

TWENTY-FIRST-ST., NO. 250 WEST, near 9th-av.—Handsomely-furnished rooms, with large alcoves, including one alcove, with first-class board; terms moderate; references.

NO. 170 WEST 23D STREET.—FURnished rooms on second floor to let, with board, on suite or separate, in a private family; terms moderate.

NO. 145 5TH-AV.—A SUITE OF ROOMS to let, with board; on parlor floor, with bath-rooms attached; 40 gentlemen and their wives or single gentlemen.

AN ELEGANTLY-FURNISHED second floor to let, with board, together or separate, and other rooms; house first-class. No. 10 West 35th-st., between 6th-av. and Broadway.

NO. 256 MADISON-AV.—PARLOR FLOOR, with private table, for the year or season; also three communicating rooms, with board; bath and water on floor.

NO. 36 EAST 21ST-ST.—BRIGHT, cheerful rooms, en suite, with private table if desired; two rooms for gentlemen; references exchanged.

NO. 33 EAST 25TH-ST., BETWEEN Park and 4th-avs., handsome parlors, front, with private table; also, second floor (five communicating). Board or private table.

AN ELEGANTLY-FURNISHED BACK parlor to let to a gentleman, with or without breakfast, on Lexington-av., near 33d-st. Address W., Box No. 175 Times Office.

NO. 107 WEST 41ST-ST.—ONE ROOM on first floor for gentleman and wife, with board; also other rooms for single gentleman, with or without board; references.

NO. 40 WEST 16TH-ST.—TWO ROOMS, with board, on third floor, en suite or separately; also, room on second floor; house first-class; references exchanged.

FURNISHED APARTMENTS FOR A gentleman in a private family, No. 23 West 27th-st., between 5th and 6th avs., on the first, second and fourth floors; references required.

NO. 23 WEST 19TH-ST., NEAR 5TH-av., with board; newly-furnished rooms, large and small, for families or single gentlemen; house and table first-class.

TWENTY-THIRD-ST., NO. 208.—Handsomely-furnished rooms to let, with or without board; family private; first-class location. References.

A HANDSOMELY-FURNISHED ROOM ADJOINING SUITE, to let, with board, No. 103 6th-st.; private table if desired; will be let together or separate; also, room for a single gentleman.

FIFTH-AV., NO. 351, SECOND DOOR below 24th-st.—Elegantly-furnished parlor floor to rent, with private table; also other suites of rooms. Brooklyn cars exchanged.

NO. 7 EAST 46TH-ST., NEAR 5TH-av.—Rooms, single or suite, with board; table unexceptionable; house first-class; for families and single gentlemen; references exchanged.

BOARD AND ROOMS CAN BE OBtained in 25th, 30th, 32d, 33d and 42d sts., Park, 5th and Madison avs.; all first-class houses; references. Apply to W. J. GOLES, Agent, No. 1,197 Broadway.

TO RENT—WITH BOARD, A FURNISHED third floor; desirable in every respect; also two rooms on fourth floor. Reference. No. 206 West 23d-st.

A PRIVATE FAMILY WILL LET WITH board one or two very large rooms with ample closets. Apply at No. 35 West 16th-st., between 5th and 6th avs.

TO LET—HANDSOMELY-FURNISHED front rooms, with large closets, hot and cold water, gas and bath-room; for gentlemen. No. 261 Lexington-av.

A LADY OFFERS TO FIRST-CLASS parties only, a very desirable suite or rooms on second floor, with board; every comfort at a refined and quiet home. No. 4 West 30th-st.

NO. 33 WEST 33D-ST.—ELEGANTLY-furnished second-door suite or separated; with or without private table; also upper front sunny suite, separated or together.

TO LET—WITH BOARD, TO A GENTLEman and wife, a handsomely-furnished parlor and bedroom on second floor; references exchanged. No. 23 West 22d-st.

NO. 157 EAST 37TH-ST.—TWO HANDsome furnished rooms to let, to gentlemen, with breakfast; family private.

NO. 107 WEST 42D-ST.—A PRIVATE family will rent, with board, desirable rooms to gentlemen and wives or single gentlemen; reference.

COMFORTABLY FURNISHED ROOM for gentlemen; desirable location; bath, &c.; rent $2 per week. No. 242 East 15th-st., near 2d-av.

NO. 29 WEST 18TH-ST.—HANDSOME large and airy rooms on second or third floors, with board, may be had by desirable parties.

AT NO. 43 CHATHAM-ST.—MONEY loaned on diamonds, watches and jewelry.
WM. GAMMON.

FIFTH-AV., NO. 561.—PARLOR FLOOR and entire third floor, with or without private table; $100 per week.

FIFTH-AV.—AT MRS. WYCKOFF'S, NO. 250 5th-av., one fine suite of rooms to let, with private table, to a party of adults.

NO. 10 WEST 33D-ST.—A SMALL PRIvate family will let, with board, second floor. References required.

NO. 359 WEST 31ST-ST.—TO LET WITH board, for one Western gentleman; house for families and gentlemen; private table if desired.

NO. 27 EAST 24TH-ST.—FURNISHED rooms to one or two gentlemen, with a small private family.

A DESIRABLE SUITE OF ROOMS ON second floor to let, with board, at No. 17 East 32d-st.; references exchanged.

FIFTH-AV., NO. 103.—HANDSOME SUITE of rooms, second floor, with board; also rooms on fourth floor.

GENTLEMEN WILL FIND BEST board, for $5, with LODGING, at No. 359 Broome-st., near Forsyth.

NO. 4 WEST 20TH-ST.—LARGE HANDsome rooms on second and third floors, with board.

NO. 65 PARK-AV.—AN ELEGANT FLOOR to let, with or without private table.

FURNISHED ROOMS, WITH BOARD, on first floor, at No. 22 Waverley-place.

AMUSEMENTS.

BOOTH'S THEATRE. BOUCICAULT, EDWIN BOOTH.....Proprietor and Manager
Mr. and Mrs. DION BOUCICAULT,
(Miss AGNES ROBERTSON.)
Having arrived from Europe, will make their first appearance on this stage, in their new piece,
ON MONDAY (to-morrow) EVENING, SEPT. 23,
Made Green Hill Dress,
ARRAH NA POGUE;
Or, BOUCICAULT, as a "SHAM THE POST."
As originally performed by him upwards of one hundred nights in London.
Mrs. BOUCICAULT (Miss Agnes Robertson) as ARRAH OF THE CLIFTS.
In active preparation a new Original Drama by Mr. Boucicault, entitled
NIGHT AND MORNING,
which will be produced for the first time in this country on MONDAY EVENING NEXT, Sept. 30, with Mr. BOUCICAULT and Miss KATE NEWTON in the principal characters.
Seats may be secured six days in advance at the theatre or at Dixon & Co.'s music-store, 771 Broadway.

BOOTH'S THEATRE. BOUCICAULT.
The management begs to announce that Mrs. DION BOUCICAULT, so celebrated in this country as
Miss AGNES ROBERTSON,
will appear during Mr. Boucicault's present engagement, in a selection of those character wherein she remains unrivaled as an actress. On MONDAY (to-morrow) her representation, after an absence of twelve years, of the Irish Girl, in Boucicault's "Colleen Bawn," for her 100 nt. Beautifully and powerfully written for her by Mr. Boucicault, and powerful drama,
ARRAH NA POGUE.

BUSSTEIN—STEINWAY HALL.
MONDAY EVENING, SEPT. 23, at 8 o'clock.
FIRST APPEARANCE IN AMERICA OF
ANTON RUBINSTEIN,
the greatest living pianist, composer, virtuoso, and unmatchable of musicians; artists never before heard in this country, chief among whom is
HERR WIENIAWSKI,
the great violinist, who is universally regarded as the only rival to the memory of Paganini.
MLLE. LOUISE LIEBHART,
the most popular soprano of the leading London concerts.
MR. ALBERT MORAVIA, Pianist,
a favorite concertante from the principal opera houses of Italy, and A FULL GRAND ORCHESTRA, under the direction of HERR CARL BERGMANN.
Accompanist.....Mons. L. REMBELINSKI.
Reserved seats $1 and $2, according to location. General admission, $1 50; admission to gallery, $1. Can now be secured at Ballmann's ticket office in Steinway Hall, and 701 and 704 Broadway.
Wednesday.....Second Grand Rubinstein Concert.
Friday.....Third Grand Rubinstein Concert.
Saturday afternoon, Sept. 28, at 2 o'clock,
GRAND RUBINSTEIN MATINEE.
Secured seats to the Matinee $1.
Brooklyn Academy, Monday, Sept. 23.

ASSOCIATION HALL.
8th-av. and 23d-st.
(Y. M. C. A. LECTURE.)
FRIDAY EVENING, Sept. 27,
the celebrated English Novelist and Editor,
EDMUND YATES,
on his first appearance in America, will deliver his AMUSING LECTURE, called
"MODERN SOCIETY."
Illustrated by life-size cartoons drawn by LEECH, MARCUS STONE, and PRIX. This lecture ran 100 nights in London.
ADMISSION, 50c.; RESERVED SEATS, 75c.
Tickets at Ticket Agency, No. 114 Broadway; Schirmer's, No. 701 Broadway, and Association Hall.

A CARD.
THE NEW-YORK CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC, (formerly at No. 53 Bond-st. and No. 22 8th-av.) NOW LOCATED AT NO. 5 EAST 14TH-ST., NEAR 5TH-AV.
NEXT DOOR TO DELMONICO'S
is the only chartered Music School in the State, and has no branch in this City, nor any connection with a similar institution using our name as near as possible, evidently with the view of obtaining patronage thereby.
Every branch of music is here taught, by the most eminent instructors in the land, at a price within the reach of all who desire to learn.
Instruction day and evening.
The subscription books are now open.
THE MOLLENHAUER CONSERVATORY formerly at Schaefer's, has been incorporated in the
BROOKLYN BRANCH,
Nos. 102, 104 and 106 Court-st., near State.

THE FIRST NEWARK INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION
NOW OPEN
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RIFLE BUILDINGS,
Washington-st., Opposite Court, Newark, N. J.
Every merchant should see it. Finest collection of manufactured goods ever shown. Trains every morning, till midnight, from foot of Liberty, Cortlandt and Desbrosses-sts., Jersey City, to Newark; a half-hour's ride from New-York. Excursion tickets, 25c. Admission to Fair, 25c.

DON'T FAIL TO SEE THE GREAT Sitting Bull, "Pall Sheridan," this week in James Robinson's Champion Circus, Madison-av. and 45th-st.

READ LAST NUMBER OF NEW-YORK WEEKLY REVIEW, the oldest and best journal, dramatic and literary paper, in New-York; containing Author's Lecture, "Our Blessings and Curses," musical and dramatic reviews, all the gossip, domestic and foreign, two beautiful stories, Special MUTES, "Money or Love," &c., &c. Price, six cents. Office, 23 Frankfort-st.

LOAN OFF

FORRESTER'S CAREER.

His Life in New-Orleans Fully Detailed.

Statements of Capt. Malone, Chief of the New-Orleans Detective Force, and of Mr. Connors, in whose House Forrester Resided.

The defense to be made by Wm. Forrester, the alleged murderer of Mr. Nathan, has not, up to the present, been made known to the public by his counsel. Enough has been gleaned, however, to show that the defense will be an alibi. In this regard Forrester's career South is of the greatest importance, more especially his life in the City of New-Orleans. Capt. Malone, Chief of the New-Orleans Detective Force, on being asked regarding the matter, said Forrester was arrested on the 12th of June, 1870, at an escaped convict from the Illinois Penitentiary, at Joliet, whence, after being sentenced to thirteen years for burglary, he escaped at the end of three months. The arrest was made upon the faith of circulars with descriptions, photographs, aliases, &c., sent out by Allen Pinkerton, of the independent Police force, offering $200 reward for his apprehension. He was first seen in a buggy on Gravier-street, where his arrest was accomplished by myself and Special Officers Harris and Pierson; he attempted to escape by jumping out of the buggy backwards, but he had not gone far before he was nabbed again. On the 13th he was arraigned before Recorder Houghton, who admitted him to bail in the sum of $5,000, Mr. James Foley becoming his security. Superintendent Badger hearing of his release, immediately went to see about it, and Forrester had just got out of the building when the Superintendent rearrested him, after a short chase, on Perdido-street. Mr. Foley now came forward, and stating that he had been deceived, asked to be relieved from the bond, whereupon Forrester was remanded to the parish prison. Pinkerton was notified, and telegraphed in return: "Hold him at all hazards; my son will start for him immediately with a requisition." On the 16th he was brought before Judge Leaumont on a writ of habeas corpus and released. The Superintendent had been assured by the prison authorities that in the event a writ should be issued he (the Superintendent) would be notified; but no such notice came, and several hours elapsed before a knowledge of the fact was obtained, when the Sheriff stated that the writ was returnable instanter, and he had not time to give the promised notice, notwithstanding that there is a police telegraph office in the same building. The Nathan murder had some time been committed before the New-Orleans police knew that Forrester was an accepted of the crime, and all trace of the man was lost until Jan. 1, 1871, when the Scooler robbery was committed. Scooler's jewelry establishment, on Canal-street, was robbed, it will be remembered, at that time, of diamonds and jewelry to the value of from $70,000 to $80,000. In working up this case, myself and Special Officers Peoers and Pierson arrested in the rear of the city two notorious characters, named Dago Frank and Dave Cummings, who were locked up as dangerous and suspicious characters. In the evening we searched their room and found a lot of burglars' tools, false beards and revolvers; that a young man named Marshall was in the habit of visiting the place, and had left word in the absence of the others that he would be back at 7 o'clock. As Marshall's was one of Forrester's aliases, we felt very anxious to see him, satisfied that he was the man and answered the description; but he did not make his appearance. We afterward learned, however, that he was seen lurking around the place. We became convinced afterward that Dago Frank and Cummings, probably aided by Forrester, committed the burglary. The two prisoners were remanded to the parish prison, and that night released on $250 bonds, when they jumped the town, not even going to their room for their effects. The then keeper of the parish prison (Crombie, City Guard, Seventh Ward) were released, but failed to do so. Forrester was next reported as comprising one of the party of three who, in January, 1871, broke open the Mobile jail, pointed a pistol at the jailor's head, and liberated three of their pals, who were incarcerated as criminals in the United States and awaiting adjudication. We lost trace of him after that until the arrival of the New-York detectives in the city last Spring. We knew they were here and knew what they were after, but they did not take us into their confidence, nor offered the detectives of New-Orleans a chance to assist them.

But even more extraordinary is the statement of Mr. John Connors, of No. 68 Girod-street, in whose house Forrester and his wife resided. Mr. Connors has been accused by several journals in this city of having assisted in betraying Forrester, and his story shows how the New-York detectives were completely fooled in attempting to purchase Forrester's arrest. About the last of May, 1870, a man calling himself Alexander Marshal, with his wife, came to my house to board. Marshal represented himself as a life insurance agent from New-York and said he was attending to that business in New-Orleans. After he had been in my house about two weeks he was arrested by the New-Orleans detectives as a fugitive from the Illinois Penitentiary. There being no sufficient proof of that, he was released on $4,000 bonds. After he got a few squares from the Recorder's Court, Superintendent Badger rearrested him, and had him committed to the parish prison to await a requisition without bail. Marshal's, or Forrester's, lawyer got a writ without the police having anything about it, and had Forrester taken into the Fifth District Court, Judge Leaumont, and he was discharged. Cab, money and clothing were waiting for him outside the Court-room. He got into the cab and drove down to the first station on the Jackson Railroad, took the train and went to Vicksburg. His wife remained at my house, and heard from Forrester once or twice every week. He was in a Southern State, dressed as a laborer, when the Nathan murder was committed. He alluded to it in his letter, and inquired into the case of the matter, stating that he was "dead out of the matter, staying that way." Some time after that the soft impression came to me that he was only left to cover up the real truth; that no professional thief had any use for such an instrument, in any shape or form.

In December, 1870, Forrester came to this city from Vicksburg on see his child. He only intended to be a few days. His wife took a carriage and met him a mile outside the city, and he got a room somewhere in the suburbs. There I did not know, nor did I want to know. Forrester was only in the city two days when John Egan, a United States detective, came to my house and whispered to me that he had a full pardon from the Governor of Illinois for Billy Forrester, and he wanted to see Billy to give it to him; that he loved Billy like a brother, and that he had been to a great deal of trouble and expense, but that was nothing if he could only land Mr. Gleason's of putting the pardon in Billy's hands.

I remarked: "You are a good friend to Billy, and he will never forget you for your kindness." Egan then commenced to pump me about Forrester. I told him that I could not say where he was; that I knew not that he (Forrester) was in the city; that he had left Vicksburg two days previous and had come to New-Orleans; that a thief named Griffin alias the Michigan Kid, told him so, and that he had Griffin with him to point Forrester out; that he (Egan) did not know him, but had a good description of him.

Egan made several attempts to make me drunk, in order to pump me. I got disgusted with the man, and put him down as the rankest of fools. In order to get clear of him one night, when he had me in a carriage with his arms around my neck, leaving me the slip, I told Forrester, I said to him, "Give me $5,000, and I will give you Forrester." He grasped my hand, and said it should be paid on sight. I said to him, "Your pardon business is a bogey." He said, yes. He then told me he wanted Forrester for the Manhattan murder. I said Forrester had nothing to do with that. He said, "D—n the odds; that there were $20,000 reward for the murderer of Mr. Nathan, all told, and all that had to be done was to put it on Forrester; no trouble in doing that if they once had him in New-York." Egan telegraphed to New-York for that Foley to come on with $5,000. The next night I told Egan to come to my house. Forrester's wife had been to my house, and I told her to tell Forrester to be at my house next night. He came in the back door at 8 o'clock. I told him what Egan charged him with. He said that was a bogey, that all they wanted was to send him back to Illinois; that Pinkerton was at the head of the whole scheme. In a little while Egan came to my house. I talked to him about the big reward, and how the bloody money would be divided, and how many honest men would get an honest penny out of it. Forrester was behind the partition listening to every word. I knew he was there; but I was surprised to see him walk in the front door and step up to the counter, where Egan was standing, and call for a drink. Forrester was dressed as a sailor. Egan paid no attention to him. I believe it so well for Egan and his family that he did not. Forrester left the city the next day, as the New-Orleans detectives found out he was here and what he was wanted for, and they started on his track.

A couple of days afterward Paul Farley and Raymond came on with the requisition and $5,000. They came straight to my house and told me of their plans; that they did not what the New-Orleans detectives to know their business in New-Orleans, but that if the New-Orleans detectives would find Forrester, arrested him first they would be entitled to the reward, and would be sure to claim every cent of it. I told them all right; that they must wait a few days; that Forrester had gone out of the city, and would be back shortly.

I was waited on every day by Farley and Radford, and taken to the Islands given fancy champagne suppers, ice-cream, ostrich pies, and pound-cake. Nothing too nice for Mr. Connors. Farley in particular fell in love with me. He said his mother's name was Cannots, and asked me was that part of Ireland I was from. He said his mother was from Gleasons Place in mine, and we must be relations. Matters went on this way for seven or eight days. I was not used to such high living, and I was afraid I would catch the gout; besides, Farley & Co. were getting uneasy; Forrester was staying away too long. Finally, I concluded to shake them off, and I told them Forrester was in the City. They all said, "Pass us out and we will give you the money." I said, "No, I must have the money first." They then wanted me to go back to New-York in the cars, carrying the dead wrong in the South.

There seems all I know concerning Forrester and the New-York detectives. As for the reports in the New-York papers about me trying to get Forrester, that is all false, as Forrester knows himself. I would not be the cause of having Forrester hung for ten times $5,000, and when he placed confidence in me, I would not be the cause of saying him sent back to the Illinois Penitentiary for the remainder of his term. Not that I have any sympathy with Forrester or with any such cases, but I am naturally opposed to an informer.

As for Paul Farley coming to New-Orleans and going to the St. Charles Hotel to the disgust of an old Irish woman, shes will do to tell the marines. I never wrote word to Superintendent Kelso in my life, and he will not say I did. The result of the case now will be that if the community of New-York want to see justice done to Forrester let them revoke the offers of the large rewards for his conviction, and there will not be sufficient testimony enough found to commit Forrester, not saying a word about the *alibi* he can prove by at least twenty men on the Mississippi River, whose testimony is entitled to credit.

THE TURF.

The Greatest Event of the Trotting Turf—Huntress Beats Dutchman's Time 111-4 Seconds—Lucille Winner of the Saddle Purse.

Yesterday was an eventful day in the history of the trotting turf, and the Fall meeting of the Prospect Park Association came to a glorious ending. The programme consisted of two races, the first of which was a race under the saddle, and the second a dash of three miles, in which the b. m. Huntress made her name famous in beating by 12¼ seconds the time of Dutchman, which for thirty-three years has stood the fastest on record. The particulars of the day's sport will be found below.

THE SADDLE RACE.

The first event of the day was the saddle race, for a purse of $1,000, which in these days is quite a novelty, as the public have seldom an opportunity of witnessing this interesting way of racing. There were four entries, viz.: Sea Foam, G. W. Patterson; Lucille Goldduat, and J. J. Bradley. The latter was off and did not start. In the betting sometimes Sea Foam was the favorite, and then Lucille would sell as the first choice.

FIRST HEAT.—They were sent off on the third attempt with Patterson first, Sea Foam second and Lucille third. On the turn Lucille broke and fell to the rear. Sea Foam in the meantime opened a gap of about sixty yards at the quarter-pole, it 34 seconds, Patterson being lengths ahead of Lucille. As they went down the backstretch Lucille passed Patterson, and passed rapidly on Sea Foam, who led about twenty lengths at the half-mile pole, in 1:12. On the lower turn Lucille trotted very fast and closed to within six lengths of Sea Foam, but left her feet, and was eight lengths behind at the three-quarter pole. On the homestretch, however, she came again, and Sea Foam, breaking, she won the heat by four lengths, in 2:33½, Patterson was distanced.

SECOND HEAT.—Lucille had half a length the best of the start, but at the turn Sea Foam went to the front, and passed the quarter-pole first by a dozen lengths in 39½ seconds. Going down the backstretch Sea Foam went further away, passing the half-mile about fifteen lengths ahead in 1:13, but on the lower turn Lucille began to trot very fast, and closed at every stride upon her competitor, until at the three-quarter pole but four lengths divided them; when they turned into the homestretch Sea Foam was but half a length in front, and they came up the stretch together, but near the goal Sea Foam broke, and Lucille won by a neck, in 2:34½.

THIRD HEAT.—They were off on the second attempt, Sea Foam half a length in front. On the turn Lucille broke, and Sea Foam was about thirty lengths ahead at the quarter-pole, in 36¼ seconds, and nearly half a mile in the half, in 1:10¾. On the lower turn Lucille began to close on her competitor, and six lengths divided them at the three-quarter pole. Turning into the homestretch Sea Foam made a bad break and sulked, and Lucille came away, and jogged home in 2:39¼, Sea Foam saving her distance by running in.

SUMMARY.

PROSPECT PARK FAIR GROUNDS, Saturday, Sept. 21.—Purse $1,000; free for all; dash of three miles, in harness; $700 to first, $200 to second, and $100 to third horse; $1,000 added to the horse beating Dutchman's time—2:33½.

A. Goldsmith's b. m. Huntress	1
C. G. Green's s. g. Wallace	2
F. Loomis' s. g. Constitution	3
J. H. Phillips' s. m. Fanny Fern	0
L. L. Samuels' b. g. George Gillett	dr.
W. W. Barry's g. g. H. B.	dr.

TIME:

Quarter, 36½; half, 1:12; three quarters, 1:37; mile, 2:36¼; mile and a quarter, 3:08; mile and a half, 3:40; mile and three-quarters, 4:17¾; two miles, 4:34¼; two miles and a quarter, 5:31; two miles and a half, 6:06½; two miles and three-quarters, 6:45; three miles, 7:33¼.

It will be seen from the time recorded that Huntress trotted the first mile in 2:36¼, the second in 2:36, and the third in 2:34¼.

The Sub-Treasury Defalcation—An Important Witness Held to Bail.

Martin Cronin, alleged to be an important witness against James F. Johnson, the defaulting clerk of the Sub-Treasury, was arrested yesterday by a Deputy Marshal, for the purpose of securing his appearance against Johnson, should the latter be taken into custody. He was brought before Commissioner Davenport and held in $5,000 bail to appear when called upon. Cronin gave the required bail.

Detectives are upon the track of Johnson, who is believed to be still in this country, and his arrest may be expected at any moment. The amount of his defalcation so far ascertained is $130,000.

Mr. Leopold, who has been examining into the accounts of the Sub-Treasury, has completed his labors and left the City yesterday. The Commission will proceed to Washington, where the results of the investigation will be reported.

Appointment of a New City Judge in Place of Barnard.

Gov. Hoffman has appointed Enoch L. Fancher, of New-York City, Judge of the Supreme Court, in place of George G. Barnard, removed.

BOATING.

The Regatta of the Garden Boat Club—An Exciting Race—Boat Swamped.

The steamer Fort Lee carried a select and merry party of ladies and gentlemen to the Pleasant Valley racing yesterday afternoon, the occasion being the third annual regatta of the Garden Boat Club. They left their boat-house, at Jersey City, at 2½ o'clock, according to Plan No. 18 for a number of friends from this City. The journey through there was very pleasant, Wagner's orchestra discoursing good music. The Pleasant Valley landing was made within the hour, and the several clubs and working-boats quickly transformed to terra firma. Their prospective elements were seen to be divesting themselves of their superfluous clothing, and stepping into their little craft, prepared for all divertisement or warming up pull. Two rival crews, one professional, the first for seventeen-foot working boats; the second for shells. The course, two miles, was laid from the hotel dock to the dock of the chemical works straightway. During the first mile of the race, the shells led, and a pretty sight hence against the shell, and made quite a scene, as one seen upon portions of the course. A little after 4 o'clock the working boat race was pulled, the following contestants: Orlando Smith, Jr., Bowers, Hardenburgh, Ackerman, Dutton, C. C. Pearson, C. Gilman, C. C. Ackerhalsen, J. H. Gregory, guides. They were well in line, when the Fort Lee gave the word, and at the outset promised a fine race; but as the first quarter-mile was Hardenburgh with Grove, closely in the stern quarter, Pearson and Salmon, who had obtained quite a lead, noticed, giving Gregory, who had been left a few lengths astern, and Pearson a good chance to slip to the front. Ackerhalsen and Dutton spent several seconds in persuading their craft to Bowers, getting away and again in the race, while Ackerhausen, who had shipped considerable water, pulled for shore. Pearson had obtained quite a lead, but was caught in a swell on shallow water, which filled his boat, out of which he rolled very gracefully. Gregory now had the race in hand, Salmon being three lengths distance in the rear, but Gregory seeing Pearson struggle in the water turned his boat to assist him, until he saw him safe ashore. Salmon had now obtained too great an advantage to be overtaken; he won the race in 14 minutes and 12 seconds. The boats were picked up, and the Fort Lee returned to the starting point for the shell race, which was promptly got off. The entries for this race also called for five competitors, but only three came to the starting point. W. T. Walsh, winning the choice of position, took the stream, D. Henry, centre, and Charles H. Allord inshore. They got away nicely at the word, and remained together about a furlong, but then Allord was seen to stop, to being afterward ascertained that his sliding seat had slipped from under him. He followed after readjusting it, but was far astern. Walsh and Henry made a most beautiful race until within half a mile of the finish, Walsh leading about a length, which Henry continues to nothing, gradually pulling in the front rower. Walsh, who had previously crossed Henry's bow, got too far inshore, and sent his boat up on the mud, high and dry, within a furlong of the finish. Henry won in 13 minutes 5 seconds, Allord coming in 1 minute 11 seconds after him. After all had been gathered on board, the Fort Lee steered for Long Dock Club-house, her passengers being well pleased with the entertainment. The judges were: Commodore Reed, F. Bragg, Eli C. Neilson, F. J. Engelhardt, Edward Cuss, A. Peverelly; Timekeeper, W. H. Shafer.

BASE-BALL.

The Mutuals Again Defeated by the Boston Red Stockings.

BOSTON, Sept. 21.—The Mutuals of New-York, played the ninth and last of their series of championship games with the Bostons, on the grounds of the latter, in this city, yesterday afternoon. The Bostons led off with a load of two to one in the first inning, but in the second they were whitewashed, and the Mutuals went to the bat and scored no less than eight runs, thus assuming a lead which seemed to insure their ultimate success. The next three innings made no change in the score, but in the sixth the Bostons scored two men around, and in the seventh each side scored a single run. The score was now 10 to 8, in the Mutuals' favor, with but two innings to play. In the eighth—Lucifer fell half a length, the best of the start, but at the turn Sea Foam went to the front, and passed the quarter-pole first by a dozen lengths in 39½ seconds. Going down the backstretch Sea Foam was further away, passing the half-mile about fifteen lengths ahead in 1:13, but on the lower turn Lucille began to trot very fast, and closed at every stride upon her competitor, until at the three-quarter pole but four lengths divided them; when they turned into the homestretch Sea Foam was but half a length in front, and they came up the stretch together, but near the goal Sea Foam broke, and Lucille won by a neck, in 2:34½.

THIRD HEAT.—They were off on the second attempt, Sea Foam half a length in front. On the turn Lucille broke, and Sea Foam was about thirty lengths ahead at the quarter-pole, in 36¼ seconds, and nearly half a mile in the half, in 1:10¾. On the lower turn Lucille began to close on her competitor, and six lengths divided them at the three-quarter pole. Turning into the homestretch Sea Foam made a bad break and sulked, and Lucille came away, and jogged home in 2:39¼, Sea Foam saving her distance by running in.

SUMMARY.

PROSPECT PARK FAIR GROUNDS, Saturday, Sept. 21.—Purse $1,000; free for all across, under the saddle; $650 to first, $200 to second, $150 to third; mile heats; best three in five.

C. S. Green's b. m. Lucille Goldduat	1 1 1
J. J. Bowen's br. m. Sea Foam	2 2 2
G. Murphy's ch. g. G. W. Patterson	dis.
J. O'Donnell's b. g. J. J. Bradley	dr.

TIME.

	Quarter.	Half.	Mile.
First heat	39	1:12	2:34½
Second heat	39½	1:12	2:34½
Third heat	39½	1:12½	2:39¼

THE THREE MILES.

This was the great race of the day, and which proved to be the greatest event of the turf, so far as the evening turf is concerned. It is just thirty-three years ago that Dutchman trotted three miles under the saddle in 7:32½, and this record has stood all these years as unapproachable, several attempts being made to beat it, but all of them proved failures. It was left to the progressive body of men forming the Prospect Park Association to offer a sufficient inducement for owners of good trotters to compete against Dutchman's time, and the effort has been crowned with success, which is not but generally anticipated, especially as the condition of the track yesterday was that the horses were to go to harness, while Dutchman made his time under the saddle. The entries were Fanny Fern, Hartress, Constitution, Wallace, George Gillett and H. B. The two latter were driven, and the first four started. It is, however, unnecessary to give the positions of the race, as they were uninteresting, from the fact that Huntress took the lead from the start, and was seen out of sight of her would-be competitors. Her owner, Mr. Aiken Goldsmith, entered her to beat the fastest on record, and succeeded in trotting the three miles in the wonderful time of *seven minutes, twenty-one and a quarter seconds*, thus beating Dutchman's time eleven and a quarter seconds. This was at the rate of 2:37¼ to the mile. When the announcement was made to the assembled throng, immense, and both the Association and the owner of Huntress were heartily congratulated. The merits of this performance of Huntress are apparent to all, but want of space will not permit us to enter more fully into the particulars. It is due to Wallace and Constitution to say that they both trotted well, but when Huntress passed the score they were only turning into the homestretch, and Fanny Fern gave up at the end of two miles and a quarter.

SUMMARY.

PROSPECT PARK FAIR GROUNDS, Saturday, Sept. 21.—Purse $1,250; free for all; dash of three miles, in harness; $700 to first, $250 to second, and $100 to third horse; $1,000 added to the horse beating Dutchman's time—2:33½.

A. Goldsmith's b. m. Huntress	1
C. G. Green's s. g. Wallace	2
F. Loomis' s. g. Constitution	3
J. H. Phillips' s. m. Fanny Fern	0
L. L. Samuels' b. g. George Gillett	dr.
W. W. Barry's g. g. H. B.	dr.

TIME:

Quarter, 36½; half, 1:12; three quarters, 1:37; mile, 2:36¼; mile and a quarter, 3:08; mile and a half, 3:40; mile and three-quarters, 4:17¾; two miles, 4:34¼; two miles and a quarter, 5:31; two miles and a half, 6:06½; two miles and three-quarters, 6:45; three miles, 7:33¼.

It will be seen from the time recorded that Huntress trotted the first mile in 2:36¼, the second in 2:36, and the third in 2:34¼.

The Game in Brooklyn—Defeat of the Resolutes by the Eckfords.

At the Union Ground, yesterday afternoon, the Eckfords encountered the Resolutes of Elizabeth, N. J., in an exhibition game, about two hundred persons attending. The Eckfords secured the lead on the second inning by scoring 3 runs by an error of Campbell, but the Resolutes obtained 4 in the fourth, making 4 runs on three good hits, aided by an error of Clinton. The Eckfords, however, got on a streak of batting in the sixth inning, after Fleck and Laughlin had lost ground by being retired by fair strikes, and scored 6 runs, the result being their success by 6 runs to 4:

INNINGS.

	1st.	2d.	3d.	4th.	5th.	6th.	7th.	8th.	9th.
Resolutes	0	0	0	4	0	0	0	0	0—4
Eckfords	3	0	0	0	0	6	0	1	1—11

Runs earned—Resolutes, 2; Eckford, 7. Base hits—Resolutes, 9; Eckford, 10. Umpire, Mr. Ferguson.

The game was remarkable only for the fielding of Wadsworth and McCampbell, on the Resolute nine, the former putting out no less than twenty-five between them, while Swandell's fine batting and D. Allison's fielding were the features of the Eckford's play.

Transfer of Police Sergeants.

The following transfers of Police Sergeants were made Saturday:

Sergt. Wm. B. Lowery, from Twentieth to Fifth Precinct; Sergt. C. C. Buddington, from Fifth to Twentieth Precinct; Sergt. Henry Woods, from Twenty-fifth to Seventeenth Precinct; Sergt. Michael M. Rooney, from Seventeenth to Thirteenth Precinct; Sergt. W. F. C. Bergholz, from Thirteenth to Fifteenth Precinct; Sergt. Joe Dougiass, from Sixth to Fourteenth Precinct; Sergt. Wm. Forshee, from Fourteenth to Sixth Precinct; Sergt. Jas. S. Wilson, from Ninth to Fifth Precinct; Sergt. John A. Crokes, from Sixth to Ninth Precinct; Sergt. Sylvester Osborn, from Twelfth to Twenty-third Precinct; Sergt. Henry E. Woodruff, from Eighteenth to Twelfth Precinct; Sergt. Wm. A. Lines, from Twenty-third to Eighteenth Precinct; Sergt. F. W. Robb, from Eleventh to Twenty-first Precinct; Sergt. J. F. Maloney, from Twenty-first to Eleventh Precinct.

A number of roundsmen and patrolmen were also transferred, and Doorman Henry G. Carey, of the Fifth Precinct, was dismissed for intoxication.

Probable Murder in Jersey City.

A difficulty occurred at a saloon, No. 97 Essex-street, Jersey City, last evening, which is likely to prove fatal to one of the parties. This section is the worst in the entire city, and is frequently the scene of violence. Last evening, at 9 o'clock, Vogt accused Charles Buck's saloon, and was standing at the bar drinking. While there he met a man, known as Michael Eiley, but who, it is understood, goes under an assumed name, entered the place, stepped behind Vogt and dealt him a deadly blow with his fist. The blow was given without warning of any sort, and Vogt fell heavily against the corner of the bar. His skull was afterward found to be fractured by the fall. Eiley immediately made off. The officers were last evening in search of him. The injured man was removed to his boarding-house, but it is believed cannot recover.

A Humbugging Greeley Treasurer—A Clever and Gentlemanly Defaulter in Search of Results.

The Liberal Republican National Committee recently appointed a finance committee of business men, and some money has been collected. It is all needed, however, for the Pennsylvania campaign, and more it is can be obtained. The pressure for necessary funds is distracting to the Committee. Every body wants money, and believing there is of a miracle could make the county supply on hand satisfy the general wants of a reverend gentleman from Missouri, who was camped in the rooms at the Gentlemen Hotel the other evening when he called, with having been indulging in a little wine, which had rather prevented his attention to business. He was asked to give an account of his expenditures, and he said he was willing to give an account of the money he had received, and he would give it if he could remember what he had received and what he had paid out. He